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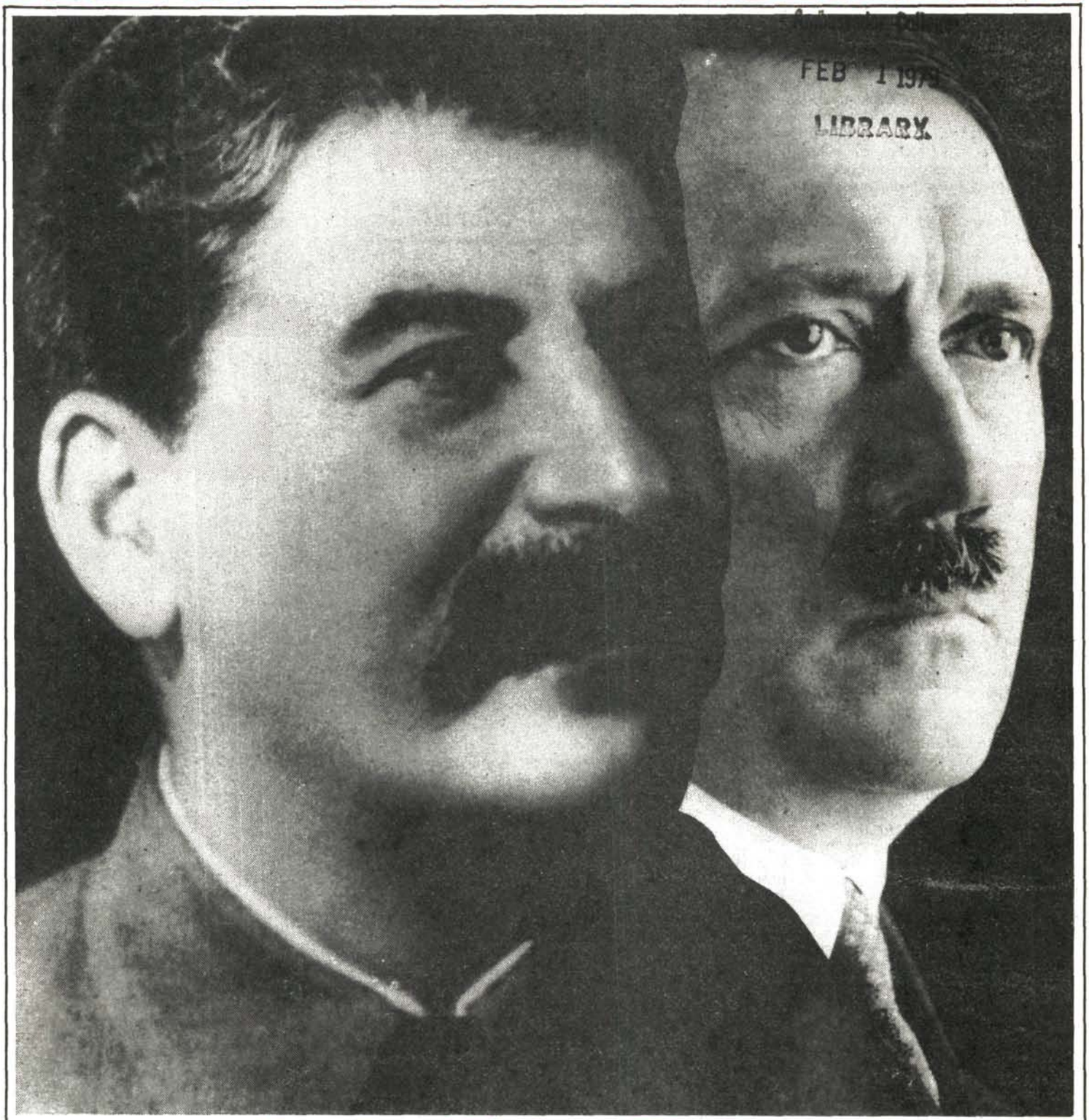

Soviet Union Today: Anti-semitism Institutionalised

THE TIMES & THE SUNDAY TIMES
SHARE DEALING BY THE EDITORS

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Cat and mouse in manifesto battle

Patrick Wintour and Francis Wheen write: There has been an air of unreality about the fuss made over the Labour Party' draft manifesto: 'Towards 1984!' thundered Paul Johnson in Wednesday's *Daily Mail*. The leaked document, written by the party's research department, is drawn overwhelmingly from the travails of the National Executive Committee's working groups, and conference and NEC policy decisions; as such it constitutes only a minor redefinition of a theme established five or six years ago. That it attracted such attention in the press last weekend has a lot to do with the original sensationalist treatment in the *Morning Star*, which in turn is related more to the *Star*'s battle for circulation (and the precarious position of its editor, Tony Chater) than to the newsworthiness of the scoop.

The leak, however, as was intended, does highlight the intricate politics surrounding the writing of the manifesto. For the past two years the Left has been fighting, through the NEC, for the party to be able to determine the manifesto's contents. They say that in questioning the party's claim to authorship Callaghan is really questioning whether the party should operate according to its constitution. The Left believes that ever since Ramsay MacDonald the constitution has been eroded by the encroaching powers of the party leader. Harold Wilson formally claimed the right to veto conference decisions and his own anodyne manifestos won through in 1966 and 1970 because he delayed calling special NEC-Cabinet meetings to discuss them. In 1974 Wilson triumphed again by not presenting a version to the NEC until literally hours before a press conference had been called: faced with an appeal for unity in the movement the NEC duly capitulated.

Callaghan clearly intends to emulate Wilson by resisting appeals for earlier discussion. Under party rules, the manifesto must be approved before it appears by the Clause Five Committee, so named after clause five of the party's constitution ('The National Executive Committee and the Parliamentary Labour Party shall decide which items from the party programme shall be included in the manifesto'). The Left would like to see an end to the custom of setting up this committee only when an election has been called, since this practice inevitably leads to rushed decisions and once the programme has been railroaded through it is then as immutable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. There is nothing in the constitution to stop the Clause Five Committee being set up now, but Callaghan is maintaining that tradition must be followed.

But the Left feels that the tide is flowing its way. As the rebellions on incomes policy and economic strategy at Blackpool showed, conference and the NEC are in self-confident mood. They intend that much of the manifesto will deal specifically with the powers of the Prime Minister, by abolishing the House of Lords – a major source of patronage – allowing Cabinet ministers themselves to confirm or fire the Permanent Secretary in their department, by introducing a freedom of information bill and by increasing the powers of parliament over the executive.

Seeing a struggle coming over the manifesto, Callaghan began last year to set up eight joint NEC-Cabinet working parties on specific issues such as unemployment, prices, EEC and industrial policy. The Left initially baulked at these committees on the grounds that Cabinet ministers are automatically members of the NEC's own study groups anyway so there was no need for special working parties with disproportionate Cabinet membership. Unsurprisingly, little progress was made on the massive policy divisions between the Cabinet and the NEC. The economic committee, for example, met only twice (and several of its members didn't manage to attend either meeting); but at least it managed a commitment to selective import ceilings. Few of the other groups appear to have achieved anything: the environment committee met only once.

All the critical radical policies are relegated to the bracketed sections of the draft manifesto, which mark areas of outstanding disagreement: price controls and investigations, compulsory planning agreements, the level of funding of the NEB, and its powers of acquisition, the price of derelict industrial land, discouragement of car ownership, housing finance, a specific target for the reduction of unemployment, a public stake in the fishing and road haulage industries.

The Home Policy Committee discussed the draft last Monday and again this Tuesday, but remarkably little was changed apart from references to the Tories and to pay. So the real battle remains to be fought. It will begin at the first NEC-Cabinet meeting to discuss the full manifesto, on 20 December. Callaghan lost the first skirmish over this meeting when it was decided that the discussions should be chaired by Frank Allaun, the chairman of the party, and not by Michael Foot. Statesmanlike, Callaghan has declined to attend the meetings himself – even though they were called at his instigation – and is sending a pointedly right-wing team along. By not coming himself, Callaghan has managed, in true Wilsonian style, to delay the debate on the draft until nearer the election.

Namibia's rigged votes

Roger Murray writes: Even before the votes in the Namibian election were finally counted, the South African government hailed the 80 per cent turn out as a major rebuff for SWAPO and the two other political parties which had called on their supporters to boycott the elections. But although there was little intimidation during polling, the six largest Namibian churches have produced disturbing allegations of intimidation by army, police and government officials to compel people to register for the elections. Once having registered it is hardly surprising that few Namibians were prepared to lay themselves on the line by not voting in the presence of the army, police and Democratic Turnhalle (Drillhall) Alliance officials who accompanied each of the mobile polling booths used for voting.

The Churches' report covers 13 pages and provides a revealing insight into the methods used to ensure the registration of 412,000 Namibians – some 93 per cent of the 440,000 eligible voters. Church representatives questioned Namibians, who gave two main reasons for registering: their experience in the election for the Ovamboland 'homeland' government in January 1975 and the pressure to take out registration and DTA membership cards. In 1975 there were over 400 allegations of intimidation in Ovamboland and this time round people said they were registering 'to avoid similar pressure'; these included the refusal of labour bureaux to give labour contracts to workers whose identity cards had not been marked after voting.

DTA membership cards were issued in April-June of this year and it soon became clear that it was essential to possess one of these to avoid harassment and to get access to medical treatment and pensions. In one instance at Omamgolo in Ovamboland, soldiers carried out a house-to-house search for identity documents, and demanded to see 'Turnhalle' cards as well. Several people were beaten up and then sent to obtain DTA cards. DTA teams also went to hospitals and issued cards to those coming in for treatment, while chiefs and headmen were told they must see to it that their people registered and obtained DTA membership cards. In several areas, old people waiting to receive pensions were met by a registration team and an army escort, and told to register before they could receive their pensions.

In the urban centres and white farming areas, which contain about one third of Namibia's African population, employers in both the private and public sectors allegedly played a crucial role in getting people to register – pressures included threats of loss of employment. With unemployment now rife in the major urban areas this constituted a very real threat for many workers. Significantly, major mining firms such as De Beers and Rio Tinto Zinc, sensitive about their international image, made it clear to their workers that they had a free choice on whether or not to register. Out of some 5,000 workers at the Oranjemund diamond mine over 70 per cent boycotted the registration drive.

The other fact of major significance mentioned by all parties opposed to the poll was the absence of a secret ballot. The regulations gazetted for the electoral procedures specifically provided for each voter's registration number to be written on the outside of the ballot envelope: as a result there were almost no spoiled papers.

Ceausescu fights Soviet imperialism

Gabriel Ronay writes: President Ceausescu's decision to bring into the open the issues behind the present Warsaw Pact rift has brought the simmering crisis between Moscow and its independent-minded Balkan ally to boiling point. After last month's Warsaw Pact summit the Romanian leader revealed, in an unprecedented move, that he had refused to agree to Moscow's attempt to increase the military budget of the Moscow-led alliance. He said there was no war threat or increased international tension in Europe to justify such emergency measures, despite what Moscow claimed. More significantly, he had also refused to concede the pact's right to take command of or make disposition of any part of the Romanian armed forces, insisting that Romania must remain in full charge of its army. Moscow's growing pressure on its allies to extend the scope of the Warsaw Pact *outside Europe*, explains President Ceausescu's insistence that Romania is most willing to fulfil its military obligations towards the pact but only in defensive wars and within the confines of Europe.

The most surprising aspect of Ceausescu's challenge is its timing. Despite growing danger signals from Moscow since Chairman Hua's visit to Romania last August President Ceausescu has suddenly abandoned his consummate balancing act, forgotten his formidable skill as tightrope walker and opted for open confrontation. Romania's entire history since Stalin's death has been guided by the one consideration that it must not give any pretext to Moscow to invade it; Hungary in 1956 and Czechoslovakia in 1968 are gruesome reminders of the dangers involved. In charting its independent foreign policy Bucharest always chose, as befitting good Leninist strategists, a point of Soviet weakness at times of international crises to gain an extra inch of independence from Moscow.

But at present there is no international crisis and no great weakness in Russia's internal or international situation to exploit. Romania's decision to bring into the open Moscow's pressures to force its weak East European allies to help to foot the bill of its vast arms expenditure, and possibly participate in an Asian military adventure, seems to be a desperate act to avoid a situation in which all the little gains towards independence would be lost at one go. Since Romania's external independence has been coupled with the most rigid internal regime, the Russians could not invade that country on the pretext that counter-revolutionary forces were gaining ground there. Nor could they invoke the Brezhnev doctrine of limited sovereignty after most foreign communist parties had rejected Moscow's ideological leading role. But in order to be on the safe side, President Ceausescu has asked for and received, immediately after the Warsaw Pact clash last month, a total endorsement of his political line and negotiating stand from the Executive Political Committee of the Romanian party.

After his long balancing act, Mr Ceausescu has

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realised that compromise on the present military issues would not only have destroyed Romania's unique autonomy within the Soviet block, but probably his brand of Romanian national communism.

Washington backs away from the Shah

John Starrels writes from Washington: The apparent collapse of Shah Mohammed Riza Pahlevi has left government officials in Washington stunned and seemingly unprepared for what may be the major foreign policy crisis of the Carter administration. George W. Ball, former Under Secretary of State, has been brought to Washington to head an Iran task force. Ball has sound credentials in the Persian Gulf area, and the report he is drafting at the White House promises to reflect significant changes in American policy toward the Shah.

There appears to be a growing realisation within the administration that it has become too closely identified with the political fortunes of the Shah. Top level members of the administration, including President Carter and his national security assistant, Zbigniew Brzezinski, steadfastly refuse to back down on past statements of support for their embattled ally. Yet the President hardly contributed to the Shah's failing fortunes when he publicly remarked on 7 December that he did not know himself whether the Shah would survive the present crisis. These remarks were given more ominous meaning when the President also observed that 'I don't have any apology to offer for the difference in human rights values that our nation espouses and those that have been accomplished by the Shah . . .' Subsequent attempts by White House aides to 'clarify' those remarks have not dispelled doubts about future US support of the Shah.

More specifically, the Ball paper will probably argue that Washington must begin to scale down its overwhelming presence in Iran. Thus, the paper will probably argue that the United States has become too dependent on the Shah – that future US policy must begin to identify new political alternatives and open relations with other leaders. The paper will also argue for a reduction of America's dependence on the Shah's oil. Finally, Washington should be prepared to deal realistically with a more humane, if not necessarily a more pro-American, regime in Iran, once the fallout surrounding the present monarch begins to subside. At the same time, however, Ball and his colleagues will come out favouring a more pronounced American interest in Iran as a whole. Joseph Kraft is probably speaking for the larger national security community when he argued in the *Washington Post* on 10 December that 'this administration has had no high-level official paying systematic attention to Iran and the other countries of the Persian Gulf.'

Military and intelligence analysts worry about the long term strategic implications for US policy in that area. Ayatollah Rohollah Khomeini, the main foe of the Shah, eschews the responsibility of taking power himself. And he has threatened to break relations with Israel in the event of a Moslem victory in Iran. Henry Kissinger catches the spirit of these concerns when he maintains, as he did in a recent TV interview, that the Shah's passing will mean that 'many elements of stability will disappear' for the United States.

Students to revolt?

Peter David writes: Exactly ten years after the campus traumas of 1968 there were signs this week of a resurgence of the politics of confrontation lurking just beneath the surface of the National Union of Students' biennial conference in Blackpool. For four years an alliance of Communist and Labour students under a 'Broad Left' banner has been steering the student movement into an increasingly comfortable relationship with government. By concentrating on parochial educational issues and encouraging the participation of Tory and Liberal students in its affairs the union's leaders have transformed the NUS from a ragged debating society and organiser of demonstrations into a skilled and influential pressure group. The process has been helped along by a big expansion in its size. With more than a million members NUS is already the biggest youth movement in Britain, and will grow even more if plans to enrol unemployed youngsters on the new Manpower Services Commission training schemes are successful.

But there was evidence this week that the union's headlong rush to respectability may be stalled. On two key issues the NUS has been unable to get its way with government, to the delight of ultra-Left groups like the Socialist Students Alliance and the Socialist Worker Students' Organisation. The first setback was the Cabinet's failure to provide in the current Education Bill for a £100 million scheme of universal grants for children over 16 studying in school or college. More important, however, is the turmoil in which the NUS finds itself after a Department of Education and Science proposal to make students more accountable for the £14m subsidy paid into their unions by local education authorities. Although the government initiative was originally welcomed by the union's former president, Ms Sue Slipman, it has outraged most of the membership, who draw parallels with Mrs Thatcher's attempt in 1971 to prevent students from spending public money on political campaigns.

'Another "human-rights" provocation by the gang of 800 million!'

Mr Trevor Phillips, the current president, has hastily cobbled up an alternative scheme to put to the DES. But although managing by the skin of his teeth to stave off strong opposition from the ultras he was censured by the conference for reacting so meekly to the proposals in the first place. Mr Phillips's counter-proposals are scorned by the Left as cumbersome and bureaucratic. The DES has agreed to postpone any changes in union financing until 1980. But if the NUS fails again to win its case, the Broad Left's respectable style may give way to an atavistic return to an older, and more militant strain in student politics.

Part-time pay

Frank Field writes: Over the next ten years the labour force is expected to grow by almost a million, partly because more married women will be looking for part-time jobs. It is ironic that very little is known about this group of workers, who have been the fastest growing group in the labour market; hence the importance of a pioneering study on part-time workers published this week by the Low Pay Unit which comes up with two main findings (Jenny Hurstfield *The Part-time Trap*, 9 Poland Street, W.1., 90p + postage). The first is that whatever the level of work undertaken by the part-timer, her pay is less on an hourly basis than the full-time worker doing the same job. This inequality is compounded by the study's second finding: overwhelmingly part-time workers are employed in low paying trades. Using official statistics the report shows that while 47% of full-time women and 13% of full-time men earned less than a minimum wage target of £1.20 an hour, no less than 74% of part-time workers were earning poverty wages, and one in five earn less than 85p an hour. The Unit's own survey, based on 351 part-time workers, details an even worse position: half of all part-time workers earn less than 85p an hour.

As well as being paid less, part-time workers were less likely to be eligible for fringe benefits. Three out of five part-time workers in the Unit's survey were not covered by the employers' sick pay schemes; one in four had no paid holidays; two out of five were allowed no tea or meal breaks, while large numbers of the sample reported that they were expected to work additional hours without payment. Employees working less than 16 hours a week are excluded from the Employment Protection Act. *The Part-time Trap* reports cases where employers reduced hours to 15¾ or 15½ hours a week so that the employees would remain unprotected when the Act came into force in February 1977. The report therefore recommends bringing all part-time workers within the scope of the Employment Protection Act, as well as establishing a minimum hourly rate of pay for full and part-time workers in the wages council sector. In addition there is a need to expand child care facilities, so that part-time workers are not forced to work, as so many of them do at present, unsocial hours.

Bookshop bungle

Francis Wheen writes: The strike at the Economists' Bookshop in London enters its third month with no solution in sight. Two thirds of the shop's staff are on strike for full collective negotiating rights for their union, the ACTS (a white-collar division of the Transport and General), but the management have offered only the right of employees 'to be represented individually by the union', while at the same time pointing out that the Advisory, Conciliation and Arbitration Service (ACAS) have said 'it may be that in practice the right to make individual representation on behalf of individuals will gradually develop into a full collective bargaining relationship over a period of time.'

In that case, why not give collective recognition from the start? 'The issue is one of principle,' says Gerald Bartlett, the bookshop's colourful manager. 'The important thing is what form of recognition is appropriate in the circumstances of the company and in the circumstances of those who have been on strike.' Mr Bartlett – who, according to one employee, 'has always run this place as a personal fiefdom' – is still remembered for his presidential address to the 1976 annual conference of the Booksellers' Association, in which he declared:

> Our age is one that has accorded trade unions great power and respectability . . . they have become the modern robber barons. In according them power . . . we have elevated to the level of holy writ what is, seen at its worst, organised greed backed by the threat of industrial aggression.

The Economists' Bookshop is owned half by the London School of Economics – whose students are now boycotting the shop – and half by The Economist Newspaper Ltd. The shop's directors include two professors of economics and Benjamin Roberts, professor of industrial relations at the LSE since 1962 and author of numerous learned books on the subject. The LSE's Director, Ralf Dahrendorf, is taking a close interest in the dispute, which was also discussed at the last meeting of the LSE's governors. Yet the combined brain power of all these worthies seems unequal to the task of finding a solution.

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FLEET STREET
Bruce Page

Times Newspapers and the rules of insider trading

Oil shares and the editors

Times Newspapers management have accused the print unions, with which they are embattled, of enriching their members by means of 'antique Spanish customs'. The management's means of rewarding themselves have, up to now, remained secret.

IN A LETTER to employees in the run-up to the suspension of *The Times* and the *Sunday Times*, managing editor Duke Hussey wrote that

> We all want the same thing: to share in the prosperity that we can create when newspapers of editorial excellence are efficiently produced and sold by well-paid staff using modern equipment.

The Thomson group management has, however, scarcely concealed that it does not expect to make large profits from Times Newspapers. The real prosperity of the Thomson group is today based on North Sea oil, and what Hussey did not tell the employees was that the Thomson family have recently given him a substantial stake in that prosperity. Earlier this year, the family's Canadian holding company, Thomson Equitable Corporation, put up more than £2 million to buy shares in the publicly quoted Thomson Organisation for Hussey and 30 other executives of the group. This was done in a manner which gives them all the potential appreciation in the price but exposes them to none of the risks of a fall. Among those executives are William Rees-Mogg, the editor of *The Times*, and Harold Evans, editor of the *Sunday Times*.

There are two important questions about this transaction: first, the timing. The bulk of the £2 million-worth of Thomson Organisation shares were bought at a time when detailed plans were being prepared to merge this company with the Thomson oil interests – until now, held privately. (For instance, Thomson's merchant bankers, Warburg's, were already making arrangements to finance certain necessary purchases of dollars through the investment currency market.) Therefore, the transaction has unhappy resemblances to 'insider trading' of the sort which a bill currently before Parliament proposes to make illegal. It is not, however, possible to say exactly what gains the 31 participants – drawn from all parts of the Thomson empire – might have shown, because the company takes the view that it can avoid the provisions of the 1967 Companies Act which would normally enforce disclosure of all the details of directors' share-dealings, including purchase prices. Company secretary Mark Knight claims to have received legal advice saying that because of the 'very indirect' way in which the shares are controlled, the obligation is not relevant. In reply to questions about 'insider trading', he admits that the last shares were purchased just six weeks before Thomsons announced their merger – 'and obviously we didn't dream that scheme up inside six weeks'. But he insists that the final decision to go ahead with merger, as eventually announced to the stock market, was made 'after the last shares were bought. Soon after, I admit – but after.'

This proposition needs to be examined in a little detail. But first there is another general issue to raise, over the participation of the two editors. Shares were purchased for their benefit – to the value of some £46,000 each – when suspension of publication of their newspapers was already a public threat to the unions. Both managers, in public, have held faithfully to the management line – although Evans, to be fair, has been less identified with it than Rees-Mogg. This has surprised some of their colleagues, who feel that there are many criticisms which could be made. Both of them insist that there is no possibility of their judgment being influenced by the fact that Lord Thomson has, in effect, lent them £46,000 each to do share-deals. Mr Evans, asked about the matter this week, said that it was unimportant, and that he had 'forgotten all about the shares' until the question reminded him. Mr Rees-Mogg said that the transaction did not trouble him in any way, and that 'it was for a very small amount'. Both editors said that they had no knowledge whatever of the details of the scheme, were quite unaware of the dates and prices of share-purchases, and that they had not considered the issue of disclosure. They had both been assured, they said, that proper legal advice had been taken at all stages: apparently they had not inquired further.

IT NEEDS TO be stressed that there is nothing to criticise in the *principle* of the Thomson family's decision to make money available to its executives so that they can buy shares in the group. (Comparisons can be made with schemes for employee share-participation.) It is the detailed practice, rather than the principle, which seems open to criticism – especially against the background of the group's ownership of two important newspapers which are expected to scrutinise the workings of the financial system.

The idea seems to have been conceived in 1975, about a year before the death of the first Lord Thomson of Fleet. In spring that year a little private company called Oneco was formed, with a capital of 1,000 £1 ordinary shares. Of these, 250 were issued to Gordon Brunton, managing director and chief executive of the Thomson Organisation; 170 each to Sir Denis Hamilton, chairman and editor-in-chief of the Times Newspapers subsidiary, William Golding, who retired as deputy managing director of the Thomson Organisation last July; and 120 each to Geoffrey Parrack, a Thomson main-board director, and Brian Llewellyn, head of Thomson Publications.

Between 9 June and 1 October 1975 Oneco bought 57,765 shares in the Thomson Organisation: as these cost around £1.70 each, Oneco did not do this with its own money. It was apparently financed by a long-term loan of £100,000 provided by what was then Lord Thomson's main UK holding company, Thomson British Holdings – this in turn being owned by Thomson Equitable Corporation of Canada, wholly owned in turn by the Thomson family. The loan was to be repayable on 31 May 2000, interest being payable annually on 31 May 'at a rate to be determined each year by the lender'. (It could, for instance, be made to coincide with the amount of any dividends forthcoming from the underlying shares, thus being in effect interest-free.)

No privileged information seems to have entered into these purchases, but the timing is nonetheless interesting. In 1975 the Thomson board voted 11-2 to pull out of the North Sea – presumably by disposing of the Thomson Organisation's option to buy 90 per cent of the Thomson family's 23.5 per cent holding in the Occidental North Sea consortium, controllers of the Piper and Claymore oilfields. They were over-ruled by Lord Thomson, as controlling shareholder, and nothing appears to have been said to the public shareholders. The directors, however, were quite happy to participate privately in the North Sea, under a scheme which made it impossible for them to lose. The mechanism involved in this scheme, and the subsequent schemes, is one that eliminates 'downside risk', in that if the underlying shares should lose value so far that Oneco might be wiped out, the participating directors would be protected by limited liability.

Another detail should be noted for the light it throws on the directors attitude to disclosure – something which occurs again and again in this story. The purchases via Oneco were not entered in the register of directors' share dealings by the four participants who were at that time directors of the main Thomson Organisation board – that is, Brunton, Brown, Hamilton and Golding – until 18 March 1976, nearly six months after the last purchases were made.

More important, no prices for the purchases are entered on the register – and indeed this applies to *all* of these Thomson group directors' dealings through private companies. When we first asked, via a professional company researcher, for copies of the Thomson directors' dealing register, we were told that the Thomson Organisation had nothing to hide. But when the absence of share prices was pointed out, the reply was that solicitors had advised that there was no obligation to disclose the prices of such 'indirect' dealings.

SECTION 28 OF the 1967 Companies Act, which defines a declarable director's interest, makes it hard to see how interests held through a company like Oneco could be other than declarable. Shares held by a director via 'a body corporate' must be disclosed if 'that body corporate or its directors are accustomed to act in accordance with his directions or instructions'. Since the shares in Oneco – and the other private companies listed below – are all owned by Thomson executives, and since they are all directors of the private companies, the obligation seems obvious.

In explanation the company secretary, Mark Knight maintains that the 'bodies corporate' in question are *not* accustomed to act in accordance with the 'directions or instructions' of any of the directors concerned. Whose directions and instructions are they accustomed to obey, then? 'One construction', said Mr Knight, 'is – nobody's.' He insists that they are corporate entities, with existences of their own but there is, it would seem, no way of relating this will to any particular individual or group of individuals. He is adamant that legal advice supports this view. Even so, this merely means that the editors of

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WILLIAM REES-MOGG is 50, and has been editor of *The Times* since 1967. He began his career on the *Financial Times*, later becoming city editor and then political and economic editor at the *Sunday Times*. He has written *The Reigning Error; the Crisis of World Inflation* and *An Humbler Heaven*.

HAROLD EVANS is 50. He was editor of the *Northern Echo* between 1961 and 1966, when he joined the *Sunday Times*, becoming editor in 1967. Under his editorship the paper became well-known for its detailed exposés of business and political life, and its campaigns for accountability and disclosure.

The Times and *Sunday Times* are beneficiaries under a scheme of enrichment which has found a way of making nonsense of the Companies Act provisions on disclosure.

NOR IS THIS the only example of a rather cavalier attitude to disclosure and legal requirements. The 1967 Act requires not only that dealings by directors of the main holding company board should be made public via a register, but also that directors of subsidiaries who are not directors of the holding company, should also publish their dealings in the holding company's shares. Companies are often reluctant to disgorge this information, and Thomson was no exception. It took considerable time to get the directors' dealing register of Times Newspapers, and then it came without the indirect interests (although these are entered in the company's report and accounts). Another subsidiary, Thomson Publications, demanded to know why the information was required – and then said there was no such register, although again the requirement to keep a register is perfectly apparent, because in the company's annual report it is declared that certain directors of Thomson Publications who were not also directors of Thomson Organisation were the owners of shares.

Then there is the filing of accounts. Although Oneco has now been active for three-and-a-half years, it has only filed one set of accounts at Companies House – for its first seven months, to the end of 1975. From these it is possible to deduce that the average cost of Oneco's 57,764 shares in the Thomson Organisation was 173 pence – in line with the market quotation of the time – and that they were already showing an increase in value of some 30 per cent by the end of 1975. From the accounts it is also possible to see that the interest charged by Thomson British Holdings on the loan was indeed merely the total of the dividends Oneco received on its Thomson Organisation shares – £1,422, or 3 per cent, a highly favourable rate.

A year later the Thomson Organisation share price had risen to around 370 pence and so the six participants in Oneco were showing a gain of about £144,000. Now, a second private company was rolled out: Twoco, formed in November 1976 with an ordinary capital of 2,400 £1 shares. There were eighteen initial subscriber/directors. The initial six participants in Oneco all got a stake, and the 12 newcomers included Duke Hussey, managing director of Times Newspapers, and Michael Mander, the advertising director. Also included was James Evans, the former *Sunday Times* libel lawyer, who had become a director of Thomson British Holdings. Derek Jewell, a former journalist in charge of the *Times* supplements and other publications was also in, together with executives from the oil, travel and holiday divisions.

Twoco has not filed any annual return or allotment of its shares at Companies House, so it is hard to be precise about the stakes of its participants. But collecting gleanings from annual reports and such directors' registers as are provided suggests that 13 participants had 150 shares each – entitling them, so to speak, to 4,255 Thomson Organisation shares – while 4 had 100 shares – giving them 2,837 Thomson shares – and one had 50 shares in Twoco, entitling him to 1,419 Thomson. Again, no prices are given on the register, but as the market price was around 350 pence, a total investment of 68,087 Thomson shares would have cost about £240,000.

A clue to Twoco's operations is provided in a note to the 1976 accounts of Thomson British Holdings (not a widely-distributed document, as TBH was then wholly-owned by the Thomson family). It stated that James Evans – the only Twoco participant to be a director of TBH

> owns 6¼ per cent of a private company to which the Company has made a loan ... Mr Evans and the Company have entered into an agreement under which the Company will acquire 6¼ per cent of the private company in the future. These arrangements enable Mr Evans, and the other shareholders in the private company, more easily able to realise their share of any increase in the underlying asset value of the private company.

This suggests that a participant can merely sell back his Twoco shares in order to cash in, rather than having to get Twoco to sell Thomson Organisation shares on the market and then extract the proceeds – legally difficult without putting Twoco into liquidation. It seems that this can be done more or less at will by participants, once they have passed some minimum time-qualification, and that they need not sell *all* their shares back. According to the directors' dealing-register of Thomson British Holdings, James Evans reduced his indirect interest in the Thomson Organisation by 369 shares on 16 December 1977. This presumably means that he sold 13 Twoco shares on that date: based on the market price of Thomson shares, these would have been valued at £2,325 giving a gain of £1,000. He was not alone on reducing his Twoco holdings last year: Ian Clubb and N. R. Harrison of Thomson North Sea, and C. N. D. Cole of Thomson Regional Newspapers reduced by about ten per cent each, and Golding sold out his whole holding in Oneco. However Brunton, Brown and Hamilton did not change, so clearly the participants do not have to act together.

There are questions here about capital gains tax – would a participant be liable to tax on the gain between the face-value of his Oneco or Twoco shares and the amount realised in the sale? And it is far from clear why the Thomson family did not merely lend directly to the purchasers of shares, rather than doing the deal through special private companies. The precise tax position of these companies is not clear: there could be capital gains disadvantages in the structure, but in contrast there could be income tax advantages if the Thomson Equitable Corporation decides to charge only a nominal rate of interest on the capital it has put up. But in any case, what seems clear is that whatever tax might have to be paid, the structure guarantees that the participants can only gain, and cannot lose.

ONECO AND TWOCO were small stuff by comparison with this year's operation, conducted this time, for a change, through a company called City Mead Securities. First, however, some of the background must be filled in. The suspension of publication of *The Times* and the *Sunday Times* has tended to overshadow the fact that there have been other important developments in the Thomson group this year. The most important was the deal through which the Thomson Organ-

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Mr Duke Hussey

isation exercised its option over the previously private Thomson oil interests. This was foreshadowed in the annual report of the Thomson Organisation, published on 12 May this year, in which Gordon Brunton wrote:

> While we continue to recognise the risks always inherent in such projects, North Sea oil cash flows should exceed the reinvestment needs and the scheduled debt repayment during 1978 and this may enable us to take advantage of your Company's rights under the option arrangements in the foreseeable future.

The Thomson share price had been rising steadily since the middle of April and the effect of the annual report was to push it up to 275 pence. But in the next month it drifted back to around 250 pence. Then it began to move up again as the stock market scented there was something going on. The price had reached 295 pence when the company on 21 July abruptly asked the Stock Exchange to suspend the quotation

> ... pending an announcement of a scheme of arrangement involving the North Sea interests of Thomson Scottish Associates.

The move created much discussion of what the management intended. 'Share Suspension Sets *Times* Rumours Flying' said the *Guardian*. While it was the case that part of the reorganisation involved the public company taking back financial responsibility for *The Times*, which had up to then been financed privately by Lord Thomson, this was not what interested the stockbrokers. The crucial elements were the terms on which the public shareholders were to be, so to speak, admitted to the North Sea riches. Essentially this involved a complicated share swap in which shareholders were offered one new share in a new Canadian company, International Thomson, and three convertible redeemable preference shares, also in that company – but both linked in a curious dual structure to similar stock of the British company, Thomson British Holdings.

The attraction was that the International Thomson shares had – with Bank of England consent – been designated as foreign currency securities and were therefore eligible for the dollar premium on sale. Furthermore, International Thomson would not be subject to any UK dividend restraint. Additionally, shareholders in Thomson Organisation were to get 7.5 pence a share in cash.

Let us now look at the history of City Mead Securities. CMS was formed in January 1978 with a nominal capital of 2,763 £1 ordinary shares. On 29 March 2,732 shares were issued, this time to directors and executives of Thomson group companies. The shares were allotted according to their positions: Gordon Brunton got 239; Michael Brown, 159; Parrack, Llewellyn, Hamilton and James Evans (appointed a director of the Thomson Organisation in January with responsibility for 'human resources') got 139 each; Coles (of Thomson Regional Newspapers), Hussey, John Sauvage, (chairman of Thomson Travel), and Clubb (of North Sea) got 119 each, and the remaining 21 got 62 shares each. The newcomers included newly-appointed general manager, Dugal Nisbet-Smith, Harold Evans and William Rees-Mogg.

CMS then acquired 828,900 Thomson Organisation shares. The allocation, proportionate to each man's holding in CMS, was: Brunton 72,000; Brown, 48,000; Llewellyn, Parrack, Hamilton and James Evans, 42,000 each; Hussey, Coles, Sauvage, and Clubb, 36,000; Harold Evans, William Rees-Mogg and the other remaining figures got 18,900 each.

The crucial question is when were these shares bought? The copies of the directors' dealing register of the Thomson Organisation, as first produced, indicated that they had been bought in two batches on two days – 220,000 on 3 May and the remaining 600,000 plus on 27 June 1978. A few days later, however, Knight, the company secretary, said that this was not correct and that the shares had in fact been bought between 31 March and 2 May, and 8 May and 9 June. (The annual report of the Thomson Organisation, which shows the indirect interests as of 11 April 1978 suggests that the first block had in fact been bought by that date, rather than 2 May.) The directors' dealing register – as we have seen – does not contain the prices at which the shares were bought. To judge from market prices ruling at that time the first batch would have cost an average of 223p, to 226p a share. The second batch probably cost 256p. The whole lot probably averaged 245-248p.

A further indication of the price is given by the fact that on 25 August the Thomson Equitable Corporation put up £2,035,118 in preference capital, to finance the operation, suggesting also an average price of around 246 pence. Simultaneously, Thomson Equitable put up £100,000 of preference capital for Oneco and £240,000 for Twoco – presumably because Thomson British Holdings having been turned into a public company, it was no longer appropriate for it to be lending large sums to private companies owned by its executives.

To return to the timing, it appears that very large quantities of Thomson Organisation shares were bought for directors and executives after the public had been told vaguely that a merger with the oil interests was likely in the foreseeable future. The question is: how far had detailed preparations gone?

One should, of course, emphasise that many of the participants in CMS would not have known about this, including Harold Evans and Rees-Mogg. Only the top directors would have been intimately involved.

The Companies Bill currently before Parliament would make it illegal for anyone to deal in the shares of a company on the basis of information which is not generally available and which would affect the share price. As presently drafted, it is probably too wide, and it may be narrowed. But there is no question that the outcome will be to make dealings by directors on the basis of information illegal. This was after all once proposed by a Conservative government; and even the Stock Exchange's current rules require that no directors deal within two months of the announcement of a company's annual profit figures.

As far as dealing before the announcement of matter of an 'exceptional nature', such as the Thomson reorganisation, the Stock Exchange recommends that prohibition should 'start to run from the point at which the likelihood of an announcement ultimately being necessary becomes a reasonable probability'.

Was there a reasonable probability, in the period between 8 May and 9 June, that Thomson would exercise its option? Brunton had certainly suggested as much in his annual report. How far were the plans advanced, and when was the final decision made? According to Mark Knight, it was after the last purchases of shares for directors – 'not long after, I admit, but after'. The last shares were bought just six weeks before the suspension, though, and Mr Knight conceded that 'we didn't dream up something as complex as this in just six weeks'.

Others might think the operation had passed into a fairly decisive stage as early as May. For on that day Thomson signed an agreement with their merchant bankers, Warburg's, to borrow up to £10 million: this was necessary because under Bank of England instruction the new International Thomson shares could only qualify as foreign securities if the company bought $34.5 million in the investment currency market and re-sold it at the present rate. Mr Knight says that this arrangement was 'reversible', and therefore did not commit Thomson to the reorganisation scheme. Nonetheless, if this development had become widely known, it would probably have been seen by the market as a sign that Thomson were going ahead. (The supposed six week margin must be put into the context of an arrangement which, according to Warburg's, took some 21 months to organise.)

One financial journalist who picked up the directors' dealings was Kenneth Fleet, editor of the *Sunday Times* Business News (now leaving for the *Sunday Express*). Mark Knight, indeed, said that the whole scheme had been discussed with Fleet, who approved it. What Fleet actually wrote was:

> . . . the Thomson Organisation board not only scrupulously observes the City and legal dealings codes but also applies an even stricter code of its own . . . There may be a diplomatic argument against any share buying (or selling) in the planning stage of a major corporate reconstruction, expecially one involving Fleet Street, but nothing more than that.

Mr Fleet's judgment that Thomson had been remarkably puritanical suggests that he may not have been fully informed. But even so, his conclusion was ambiguous.

Partly because of fear that the industrial trouble at Times Newspapers may spread to the profitable provincial papers, the current share price of International Thomson is such that the participants in CMS are showing little or no profit at the moment. But when the share price of the old Thomson Organisation was suspended on 21 July the price had gone over 295 pence. At that level the 35 participants in CMS were showing a paper gain of some £400,000 between them.

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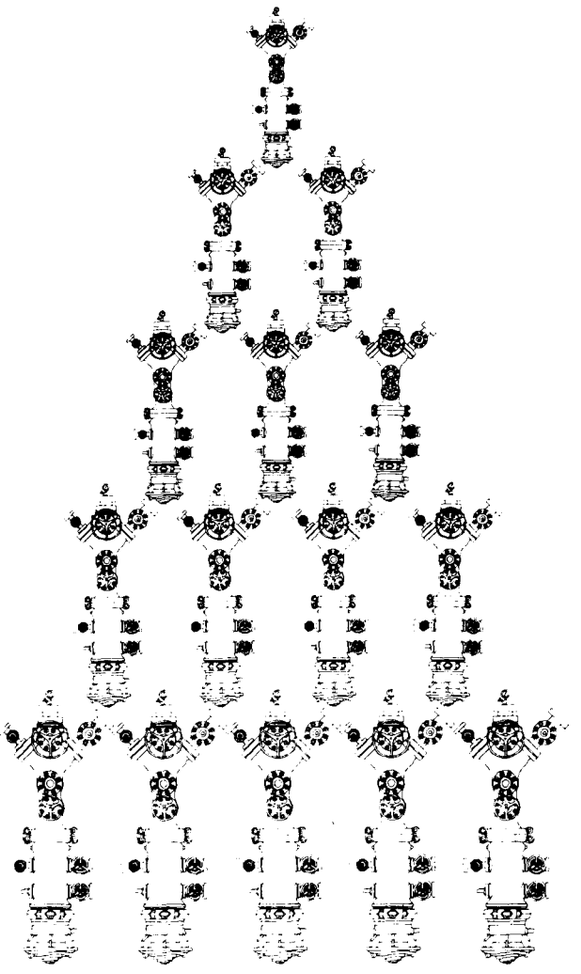
How to grow more Christmas trees.



We don't have in mind the traditional festive symbols popularised by Prince Albert, but the tree-shaped capping devices — oil men call them 'Christmas trees' — that sit astride completed wells.

So far we've planted 15 Christmas trees on the deck of our Beryl A production platform in the North Sea. We've placed three others on the seabed, one of them to produce oil five miles away from the platform — the most distant yet attempted in the North Sea.

Through technology, huge infusions of capital and the careful development of people, we're taking risks to ensure that there'll be 'presents' beneath our Christmas trees: the oil the nation expects. In 1977, the Beryl field's first full year of operation, production amounted to 22 million barrels. The important thing — and a potential problem of North Sea oil — is to resist the temptation to jettison the formula which has led to success. Some countries have made that mistake, once oil is discovered. Happy with the early bounty, they choke off the process under which more oil might be found and developed.

North Sea oil development demands continuous massive investment of capital and technology. The oil industry will need to spend some £7,000 million in the next decade — as much again as the companies have spent so far — just to produce the oil that's already been discovered.

We depend on reasonable Government policies which will encourage future private investment in the North Sea and ensure that the taxpayer does not have to dip into his pocket to meet capital needs. But increasingly stringent licensing terms and proposed tax changes, together with separate treatment for the state energy corporations, are beginning to cause us concern.

The taxpayer has rightful expectations. But so has the provider of capital, technology and jobs. The many banks, insurance companies and pension funds which have taken a stake in the North Sea have invested the money of *their* customers, and they too must see a proper return. So must our individual shareholders.

The biggest and most profitable North Sea fields have almost certainly now been found. The next phase of exploration will take us to less promising areas, often in deeper waters. This will be more costly and will require highly sophisticated new technology.

We believe we can provide this technology. And we are confident that the growing expertise of our workforce will be up to the job.

But oil investment is like the pine seedling. It must be nurtured by a suitable environment. Given a healthy investment and operating climate, we will continue to take risks, deploy our skills and supply the needed capital.

So there can be more Christmas trees.

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ADVERTISING
Winston Fletcher

EEC controls have been rebuffed but the argument still rages

Political battles in ad-land

HOSTILITIES have broken out again between advertising and its antagonists. Earlier this year the admen audaciously threw down the gauntlet when they combatively proclaimed: 'Properly planned advertising contributes towards the most efficient use of resources, productivity and profit. Profit equals investment, equals jobs, equals a better future. Let us be proud of advertising's contribution to future prosperity.'

These bold sentiments were the theme of the Advertising Association's crusading pamphlet *'Marketing and Industrial Regeneration'* launched to the defiant tinkle of sherry glasses at the Association's conference in April. Six hundred brave admen marched forth from their conclave ready to let fly the arguments in favour of advertising with all the persuasive powers at their disposal. The effect upon the world was less than shattering.

Neither shaken nor stirred, the bureaucrats in Brussels pressed ahead with their proposals to harmonise advertising control legislation throughout the EEC. These proposals, which would give any consumer claiming to have been misled the power to obtain a court injunction banning the offending advertisement immediately, were rejected in the House of Commons two weeks ago. All of our political parties found the EEC's legislative blueprint too Draconian and too cumbersome. Nevertheless, the admen are well aware that the EEC still intends to coral them, and that forces are being regrouped for a new attack.

In the meantime, the admen are more worried about the mini-blitzkreigs launched against them by both the Prices Commission and by the Secretary of State for Prices and Consumer Protection. Throughout the year Prices Commission reports have complained (if not always logically) that advertising protects certain companies' monopoly markets to the detriment of the consumer. Then, a couple of months ago at a conference of National Co-operative Drapery and Fashion Managers – an audience whose interest in the subject would presumably need to grow to be even minuscule – Roy Hattersley loosed a cannonade in which, among other things, he supported the Commission by asserting that 'advertising can do substantial damage to the competitive efficiency of a mixed economy', and suggested examining whether 'a new body should be created to examine advertising expenditure and evaluate its social ' and economic consequences'. The advertising industry retaliated spiritedly, but Hattersley has stuck to his guns. The fusillades are flying to and fro; two weeks ago the Advertising Association met the Prices Commission for a brief skirmish, and on December 20th the Secretary himself has promised to go along to the Advertising Association for a few hours unarmed combat.

MEANWHILE, in the midst of the battlefield as it were, the basis for a small but perhaps significant peace treaty was published a fortnight ago when the Office of Fair Trading – by no means one of advertising's most ardent allies – released its long, detailed and reasonably thorough *'Review of the U.K. system of advertising control'*.

The Review is in two parts. First, a panel of 33 expert assessors examined a random sample of 2993 advertisements culled in March this year from some 200 national and local newspapers and magazines. The assessor's task was to decide whether any of the advertisements infringed the controlling British Code of Advertising Practice; and if so, how many. Deciding whether rules have been broken, like any other act of judgement, is frequently an uncertain, subjective business. The OFT Review openly admits that another panel of assessors might disagree with the views of their 33. Nevertheless, for now the assessors' decisions are likely, as the competition regulations always say, to be taken as final.

They found that just 7% of 2993 individual advertisements broke the Code of Practice, many of them in comparatively insignificant ways. Perhaps surprisingly – especially as Secretary Hattersley's cannonade had called for closer scrutiny of small, local ads – the assessors found a higher proportion of national than local advertisements at fault. It appears that local newspapers, which account for nearly half of all the press and magazine advertising in the country, carry a higher standard of advertisement than they have generally been given credit for.

Not that the OFT Review awarded the Advertising Standards Authority an unsullied certificate of whiteness. The ASA was criticised for sometimes acting too slowly in its investigations of complaints. To resolve this problem, the OFT's Director General modestly calls for the power to seek a legal injunction whenever there is a *prima facie* case for banning an ad immediately, without the benefit of a delaying investigation. This proposal, which is strongly backed by Hattersley, is a more workable version of the similar but fiercer proposition put forward by the EEC. Nonetheless, all sides agree that so autocratic a power would need to be sparingly used; equally clearly, advertisers so banned should be able to obtain redress if the OFT is later proven to have acted wrongly.

THE ASSESSORS' assessment lead the OFT in the first part of the *Review* to the general conclusion that the present Advertising Standards Authority control system is working well, subject to the minor niggles mentioned. However, the second part of the Review raises a more profound question which the OFT ignores, but which suggests we know little about new advertising works.

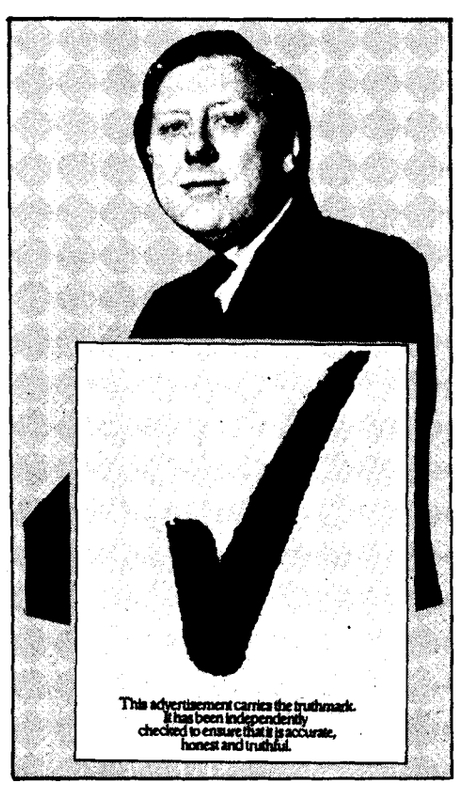
This section of the Review, in some respects the more interesting, comprised a market research study in which 1,866 members of the public were shown a sample of 102 of the ads the assessors had examined. What, the 1,866 were asked, were their spontaneous reactions to the ads? Most significantly in communications terms, their reactions hardly correlated at all with the advertisements' adherence to the ASA's Code of Advertising Practice. In other words, the public simply does not think of advertisements in the strictly legalistic way in which the Code treats them. Maybe this explains why, despite having run a publicity campaign worth nearly £400,000 annually for three years, the Advertising Standards Authority receives only about 4,000 complaints a year – equivalent to one per 10,000 adults; and of the 4,000, more than three quarters anyway prove to be either totally trivial or outside of the scope of the ASA's remit.

This apparently curious fact, that the public's attitudes to advertisements bear little relation to the regulations cast in the Code's tablets of stone, is in some ways both predictable and immaterial: the public's attitudes to hanging do not determine the jurisprudential arguments as to its rights and wrongs.However in the case of advertising the dissonance raises a more intractable issue: the disparity between what adland's critics complain about and what the admen have done to put things right.

For the implacable opponents of advertising do not believe it to be possible to make advertisements 'legal, decent, honest and truthful'. Their criticisms are broader, deeper and more fundamental. They believe, rightly, that advertisements exist to persuade, to cajole people into buying goods they otherwise might not buy; and this activity they believe to be unnecessary, distasteful and probably immoral.

The admen, of course, see the same facts through quite different lenses: advertisements indubitably aim to persuade, but people can perfectly well resist their blandishments and frequently do so. In the OFT research respondents' attitudes to the ads they were shown were generally favourable, yet only 3% of them were interested in buying the goods advertised.

INTEREST DECLARED: Winston Fletcher is managing director of the advertising agency Fletcher Shelton Delaney.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NORTHERN IRELAND

Peter Taylor

Provisional prisoners wage war with blankets and excreta

Showdown in 'H' Block

THE H BLOCK BOMB exploded over America's breakfast tables just a few weeks ago, in the form of a blistering attack in the Washington Post by syndicated columnist Jack Anderson on conditions in the H Block cells at the Maze prison (Long Kesh) where 350 Provisional IRA prisoners are living naked except for a blanket, in cells wallpapered with their own excreta. Anderson is not noted for understatement. The H Blocks were likened to the 'Tiger Cages' of South Vietnam. His readers' horror can scarcely have matched that of the British Information Services in New York to whom the piece in the Washington Post read like a polemic in Republican News. Our man in Washington rode to the rescue with typewriter blazing: these prisoners had been convicted by due process of law: their conditions were self inflicted. But the damage had been done. Even Ambassador Jay would have been hard pressed to erase the powerful images that Anderson had implanted in the minds of his millions of readers. This exchange marked the Provisionals biggest coup in a campaign that has been smouldering for over two years. America is the target for their propaganda – with its 30 million Irish exiles and its President committed to human rights, the Provisionals calculate that American pressure will be decisive in compelling the British Government to meet their demands.

In essence, the Provisionals are trying to force Roy Mason to restore the Special Category Status that William Whitelaw once granted and Merlyn Rees took away. The Provisionals insist that they are prisoners of war taken in the battle to drive the British from Ireland. They point out that they are treated as special cases from the moment they are arrested and interrogated until they are tried and sentenced under Northern Ireland's special Emergency Legislation: only when the cell doors are closed do they suddenly become 'ordinary' prisoners. Ironically, even the legislation that puts them there admits that their crimes are politically motivated. Section 31 of the Emergency Provisions Act, renewed in a largely empty House of Commons last week, defines terrorism as 'the use of violence for political ends'. But the Government remains unmoved: the provisionals are ODC's – ordinary decent criminals: Special Category Status was a mistake that no government would repeat. That is why 350 men are refusing to wear the prison uniform that they believe brands them as criminals.

As the protest grew, so did the government's determination to break it. Because the Provisionals continued to refuse prison uniform, the government continued to punish them for the breach of prison rules. In effect, this means that prisoners are confined to their cells for nearly 24 hours a day with no exercise, no reading material or communication with the outside world, except for one censored letter a month. But far from breaking the protest, the Government found itself with an increasing number of prison uniforms on its hands.

In March this year, the Provisionals put on the pressure: they refused to wash and slop out. For this reason, conditions in the three H Blocks are now a growing international embarrassment. When Fathers Faul and Murray, dismissed in some circles as the 'Provie Priests', regaled US Congressmen this October with lurid descriptions of the H Blocks, they were not making it up. I talked recently with H Block prison officers who faced the unenviable task of controlling prisoners they despised and a protest they could not understand, and I gained the impression that Capitol Hill had been told only half the story. The officers described cells and landings crawling with white maggots half an inch long; political slogans written on the cell walls in excreta sometimes thick enough to hide a cigarette lighter. They had seen prisoners spreadeagled for anal searches which turned up home comforts like cigarettes and miniature playing cards concealed in a condom. Struggling protestors were held down and forcibly bathed whilst scales dropped off their bodies and covered the officers' boiler suits with white powder. Conflict appears to be permanent. Officers told of chamber pots of urine and faeces thrown in their faces; of being attacked with broken bed legs and furniture (the reason why only mattresses are left in the cells). Prisoners described regular incidents of beating and scalding by prison officers bent on revenge.

Undoubtedly the government is worried. It has a cold summer and three high pressure cleaning machines to thank for keeping an epidemic at bay. But the government has other worries too. So far, it has managed to deflect close scrutiny of conditions in the H Blocks on the grounds that they are self inflicted and therefore unworthy of attention. It is an argument that obscures the separate issue of human rights. Many who have little sympathy for the Provisionals' demands for political status are increasingly concerned that the government, in its determination to break the Provisionals' will, has systematically violated prisoners' basic rights. Soon the government may be faced with a request from the European Commission of Human Rights to visit the H Blocks: cases of four blanket prisoners are already speeding through the normally sluggish legal procedures employed by the Commission.

Daily, conditions and the Government's dilemma grow worse. When the protest began, few thought it would last. When it escalated, few felt the Provisionals would stick it out. As Christmas approaches, humanitarian concessions (and some were mooted as late as October) seem increasingly remote. The Government knows that any concession will be seen by the Provisionals as a sign of weakness but that making no concession at all lead to international repercussions more serious than the issue at stake in the H Block. Time is on the Provisionals side.

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The end of Marxism-Leninism

Antisemitism runs deep in Russian history. It was a major part of the foundations of the Tsarist regime; so for the Jews the 1917 Revolution was a triumphant liberation. For the first and only time in history the Bolshevik government made antisemitism a crime. But the victory was short-lived. For years now – and for much longer than the West has championed the cause of Soviet dissidents – anti-semitism has been on the ascendent again in Russia. It has been used to inspire Soviet soldiers when they invaded Czechoslovakia and has been incorporated into official publications. Here REUBEN AINSZTEIN recounts the history of this squalid cause and argues that the final move in the campaign is not far off: to make antisemitism once again official policy. Viewed in its historical context, the significance of this move cannot be underestimated. Socialism long since disappeared as the appropriate word to describe what goes on in Russia, but the Soviet leadership has doggedly stuck to its claim of being a Marxist-Leninist state and this has been the religion in whose name they have committed all manner of crimes. But, Reuben Ainsztein argues, Marxism-Leninism is now to be ditched and replaced by a new religion, antisemitism. Something which might once have been explained as an aberration is to be institutionalised into the Russian system.

ANTISEMITISM IN RUSSIA has now reached a stage when the antisemites in the Party and their allies in the Russian New Right are openly proposing to make it the official ideology of the Soviet Union. Already it is the official doctrine of the Soviet armed forces, despite the opposition of some of their wartime leaders. What unites the Russian New Right is antisemitism and a racial fear of China. According to Alexander Yanov, a Russian historian who left the Soviet Union in 1974, the Dissident Right is working to 'formulate the common ground for a coalition of all factions of the New Right, a ground from which it could finally challenge the Brezhnevist centre'.

Tsarist Russia was officially and proudly an antisemitic state, in which Jews were legally second-class subjects. Their status as tolerated second-class subjects was justified by the tsars and the ruling establishment on the grounds that Russia was an Orthodox Christian country in which only Christians could enjoy full rights. A year after the 1905 Revolution, which was accompanied by a wave of anti-Jewish pogroms organised or encouraged by the Tsar and his government, the extreme right-wing government led by Pyotr Stolypin proposed to Nicholas II a number of reforms in the status of the Jews to wean Jewish intellectuals and workers from participating or supporting the revolutionary movement. Nicholas II's curt reply was: 'As long as I am Tsar, the *Zhidy* (Yids) of Russia shall not have equal rights'. His father, Alexander III, had dismissed in 1890 a report from a high official pleading for an end to the policies of pogroms and persecution of Jews with the words: 'But we must not forget that it was the Jews who crucified our Lord and spilled his priceless blood'.

The liberal democratic revolution of March 1917 brought down the tsarist régime and the Provisional Government led by Kerensky abolished all national and religious inequalities and discriminations on 1 April, the first day of its existence. On 15 November 1917, a week after the Bolsheviks had stormed the Winter Palace, the Council of People's Commissars, acting on Lenin's initiative, issued 'The Declaration of the Rights of the Toiling and Exploited People' and 'The Declaration of the Peoples of Russia', which spelled out in detail the abolition of all inequalities based on religious and national origins. Eight months later, acting against the counter-revolutionaries who were using antisemitism as a means of winning the support of the Russian masses, the Council of Commissars issued the 'Decree on Uprooting the Anti-semitic Movement'. Under Lenin's personal influence the decree made antisemitic propaganda a 'counter-revolutionary crime' and the Bolshevik government thus became the first and so far the only one in the world to treat antisemitism as a crime. This remained officially the policy of the Soviet Communist Party and the Soviet Government even when Stalin, an antisemite himself, became the indisputable dictator. In November 1936 Molotov, at the time the Chairman of the Council of People's Commissars (i.e., prime minister) read to the Eighth Congress of the Soviets in Moscow Stalin's personal statement.

> Whatever may be said by the present-day cannibals in the ranks of the fascist antisemites, our fraternal feelings towards the Jewish people spring from the fact that it gave birth to Karl Marx, the genius who created the ideas of the communist liberation of mankind, who achieved scientific mastery over the supreme achievements of German and other cultures; from the fact that the Jewish people along with the most advanced peoples has produced a great number of outstanding men of science, technology and art; that it has given many heroes to the revolutionary struggle against the oppressors of the working people; and from the fact that in our country it has produced and continues to produce ever more outstanding and gifted leaders and organisers in every sphere of human endeavour, who are advancing and defending the cause of socialism. All this determines our attitude towards antisemitism and anti-semitic bestiality wherever they may arise . . .

Three years later Stalin did not hesitate to sign a pact with 'the present-day cannibals', but failed to save the Soviet Union from being overrun by Hitler's armies. In the war against Nazi Germany official Soviet sources admit the loss of 20 million people. Of this gigantic total, 1,200,000 were Soviet Jews or some 40 per cent of all Soviet Jews alive on the fatal 22 June 1941, when Hitler's armies attacked on a front stretching from the Baltic to the Black Sea. Over 200,000 Soviet Jews laid down their lives in the ranks of the Red Army, Air Force and Navy. Nevertheless, it was during the war against Nazi Germany that Stalin initiated an official policy of discrimination towards Jews that was to lead to the first anti-Jewish campaign, camouflaged as the 'struggle against cosmopolitanism', in 1948-1951.

The excuse for the campaign was the creation of the State of Israel, the failure of the Jews to turn Israel into a Soviet satellite and the alleged danger of divided loyalties among Soviet Jews in case of a nuclear war with the West. The deeper reason was the collapse of the internationalist ideals that had inspired the leaders of the Bolshevik Revolution and their followers. Countless Russians expected the hundreds of thousands of former Communists and Social Democrats in the German armies to turn their weapons against their officers as soon as they were ordered to attack the Soviet Union. It did not happen and Stalin discovered that it was more effective to appeal to Russians to lay down their lives for Russia than for the ideas of Marxism-Leninism. Stalin and the men around him concluded that it was more effective to use antisemitism as a rallying cause between Russians and their East European satellites than to rely on the slogan of 'proletarian internationalism'. The result was that in the last months of his life, Stalin ordered a 'Final Solution' of the Jewish problem in the Soviet Union. The 'Doctors' Plot' was to serve as the excuse for deporting the two million surviving Soviet Jews, to be followed by the Jews surviving in the satellite countries, to Siberian concentration camps. Only Stalin's death saved the Jews who had survived Hitler's Final Solution from annihilation.

WHATEVER KHRUSHCHEV'S disagreements with Stalin's policies and actions in the closing years of his dictatorship, antisemitism was not one of them. In his historic speech to the 25th Communist Party Congress on 25 February 1956, in which he revealed some of Stalin's crimes and mistakes, Khrushchev denied that antisemitism ever existed under Stalin but claimed that Stalin had thought of deporting all the Ukrainians, only giving up the idea 'because there were too many of them'. Personally involved in the 'anti-cosmopolitan campaign', Khrushchev rejected all the appeals from such Communists as General Grigorenko and the brothers Medvedev for a statement by the Central Committee acknowledging the existence of official antisemitism and announcing a return to the original ideals held by Lenin. In fact, it was during the Khrushchevian era that the antisemites were first able to come into the open.

In 1963 the Ukranian Academy of Sciences published Trofim Kychko's *Judaism without Embellishments*, a 191-page book which under the pretext of attacking the Jewish religion and Zionism introduced its readers to traditional antisemitic views. Moreover, it was illustrated by caricatures that could have come straight out of Streicher's *Der Stuermer*. This was the first case of an unmistakably antisemitic book being published in the Soviet Union. Protests from people inside the Soviet Union and Communist parties in the West were such that the Ideological Commission of the Central Committee of the Soviet Communist Party issued a statement on 4 April 1964, admitting that Kychko had made certain mis-

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The Signing of the German-Soviet Treaty October 4, 1939. From left to right: Von Ribbentrop, Molotov (seated), Stalin, Parlov and Gaus.

takes in his book which went 'against the Leninist policy of the Party in religious and national matters' and that the illustrations in the book could 'be interpreted as being anti-semitic'. But at the same time *Pravda* and *Izvestiya* denied that there was any antisemitism in the Soviet Union. This was the last time the Soviet leaders thought it necessary to apologise for making antisemitism an integral part of Soviet ideology.

The Six Day War of 1967 and events in Czechoslovakia a year later provided the anti-semites in the Soviet ruling establishment with the longed for opportunities to make anti-semitism not just part and parcel of Soviet practice, but a replacement for the Marxist-Leninist interpretation of history in which even most Russian Communists no longer believe. Under the guise of 'anti-Zionism' Soviet propaganda has since created a picture of permanent struggle between the Soviet Union and its allies on the one hand and the 'imperialist' world ruled by 'Zionists' on the other. Marx's historical materialism, the class struggle and Lenin's interpretation of imperialism as the final stage of capitalism have been replaced by the traditional view of the world held by Russian antisemites since the 19th century. This was the tradition which culminated in about 1900 in the Tsarist secret police fabricating *The Protocols of the Elders of Zion*, described by historian Norman Cohn as *the* warrant for the genocide of European Jewry by Hitler's Germany.

When the Soviet Army invaded Czechoslovakia in 1968, Soviet soldiers were told by their political officers that they had to save the Czechs and Slovaks from 'two million Zionist counter-revolutionaries'. (The total number of Jews in Czechoslovakia at the time was about 13,000.) Today, Soviet officers and men are taught that 'Zionists' are responsible for the armaments race and wars because they control 158 of the 163 largest armaments and aircraft corporations in the world: 'The largest armaments concern in Western Europe, Vickers Limited, is controlled by international Zionism through the Rothschilds . . . and Marks and Spencer', declares *Red Star*, the mouthpiece of the Soviet Ministry of Defence. 'Therefore the struggle for peace is a struggle against the armaments monopolies and the policies of imperialism and international Zionism'. A film called *The Covert and the Overt*, shown only to audiences of officers, opens with the crack of a revolver shot and the narrator saying: 'This is how the Jewess Kaplan attempted to kill Vladimir Ilyich Lenin'. After dealing with such a Jewish 'traitor' to the revolutionary cause as Trotsky, the film accuses the Jews of being responsible for Hitler's rise to power and Hitler's attack on the Soviet Union. A shot of Nazi tanks entering a Russian town is accompanied by the comment: 'Hitler was brought to power by Jewish capital'.

THE CAMPAIGN to make antisemitism the official replacement of Marxism-Leninism as the religion of the Soviet Union unites the Russian New Right – as does hatred of the West. The New Right consists of five or six groups inside the system who complain that they are unequally represented in the leadership of the party and the government. It also embraces the Dissident Right, which ranges from followers of Solzhenitsyn to the outright fascists, whose chief spokesmen are Ivan Shevtsov, Gennady Shimanov and Valery Yemelyanov. Antisemitism and hatred of the West are, of course, traditional elements of Russian nationalism, most strikingly and menacingly formulated by Dostoyevsky in a speech delivered on 8 June 1880;

> The vocation of the Russian man is indisputably an all-European and world-wide vocation . . . Oh, the people of Europe do not know how dear they are to us. And I believe that we (that is to say, of course, not we but the Russians of the future) will all eventually understand, every single one of us, that to become a real Russian will mean precisely this: to strive to bring conciliation to the contradictions of Europe, to show a way out of the sorrows of Europe in our own Russian soul, universally human and all-uniting; to find a place in it, with brotherly love, for all our brothers, and finally perhaps to speak the final word of the great harmony of all, of the brotherly unison of all the nations according to the laws of the gospel of Christ.

While the mantle of Dostoyevsky may now be worn by Solzhenitsyn, Gennady Shimanov and Ivan Shevtsov see the West as ruled by the dark forces of 'Zionism and Satanism', while Yemelyanov sees it in the hands of the 'Judaeo-Masons, who are getting ready to become the masters of the earth in the year 2000'. The samizdat publication of the Dissident Right, *Veche* (People's Assembly), says: 'Europe is an incorrigible harlot and America is its final, insane, nocturnal Bacchanalia, after which there can be only disillusionment and ruin . . . The people and states of the West have outlived their day and are dying. They will perish not by sudden attack, but by virtue of the drying up of their vital forces'. Then, of course, the Russians with their 'universally human and all-uniting Russian soul' will take over. Shimanov sees the fulfilment of Dostoyevsky's dream of 'Holy Russia' being achieved after Mother Russia has been saved by an ideology that is a synthesis of Leninism and Russian Orthodoxy. The Bolsheviks, Shimanov argues, have been God's instrument because they created the Soviet state which is the only defence the world has against the satanic forces of 'Zionism'. Moreover: 'Without the Soviet system, with its latent religious nature, Christian Orthodoxy in our history will not be brought to fulfilment in establishing its own social order'.

TO ARGUE that the Dissident Right is no more than a lunatic fringe is to repeat the

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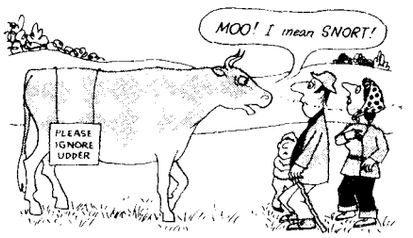

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Cartoons reproduced from *Anti-Semitic Propaganda*. Published by the Institute of Jewish Affairs, London.

The portrayal of Jews as a 'poisonous mushroom' is an old anti-semitic device. Left: the modern Soviet version. Above: the cover of a notorious Nazi children's book, published 1938, *Der Giftpilz, Ein Stuermerbuch für Jung u. Alt* (The Poisonous Mushroom, a Stürmer-Book for Young and Old) describes the Jews as the 'poisonous mushrooms of humanity'.

mistakes of the liberal and decent people all over Europe who in the 1920s and 1930s refused to take Hitler and the Nazis seriously. The fascist elements of the Dissident Right have champions not only on the Central Committee of the Soviet Communist Party, but in the Politburo itself. Their chief spokesman in the Politburo appears to have been Dmitry Polyansky, who in 1970 looked like ousting Kosygin from his post of prime minister and taking over. Polyansky's personal intervention led to the publication in the same year of Ivan Shevtsov's two anti-semitic novels that could have come straight out of Streicher's pornographic imagination.

An ex-naval officer, Shevtsov was already known as what Lenin would have described a 'Great Russian chauvinist'. His first novel, *In the Name of the Father and the Son*, was produced in March 1970 by the Moskovsky Rabochy publishing house. Sixty-five thousand copies sold out in two days. On its 399 pages, Shevtsov painted an up-to-date version of *The Protocols of the Elders of Zion*. It was world Jewry led by the Zionists, he said, that controlled American imperialism. Zionism was 'secretly infiltrating all the life cells of all the countries in the world, undermining from within all that is strong, healthy and patriotic'. The agents of Zionism inside the Communist movement, the greatest of whom was 'Judas Trotsky', were working to destroy it. The penetration of liberal ideas, abstract art and the cult of Picasso from the pornographic West into the Soviet Union was the work of Jews.

In April the Ministry of Defence Publishing House brought out Shevtsov's second novel, *Love and Hate*, in an edition of 200,000 copies, which sold out in days, to be followed by second and third editions of 200,000 copies. The villain of the book is a Jew called Nahum Hotzer, a Moscow journalist and playwright, who is also a pervert, sadist, dope-peddler and murderer. To get his mother's money, he kills her and wraps her own intestines round her head. He turns a pure and beautiful Aryan teenager into a hashish 'addict', seduces her, murders her and dismembers her body. Other characters include Jewish scientists who reveal the secrets of Soviet nuclear weapons to the Americans. Shevtsov is obviously well acquainted with Nazi literature, which claimed that Einstein stole the theory of relativity from a German scientist. His Aryan Russian hero, a scientist who exposes the treachery of his Jewish colleagues, is murdered by them when on the point of revealing to the world that 'Einstein's role was exaggerated and he was made into a kind of Jesus Christ'.

On 16 April 1970, Yekaterina Furtseva, Soviet Minister of Culture since the day when Khrushchev gave her the job, was asked at a press conference whether Shevtsov's two novels were not an insult to the finest traditions of Russian and Soviet literature. She replied that Shevtsov was an accepted member of the Soviet literary fraternity and had the right to produce a book that was not a classic. She was, of course, in a most difficult position, for she knew better than anybody else that Shevtsov's novels were first vetted by the Commission for Combating Zionism attached to the Presidium of the Soviet Academy of Sciences and that the verdict of the Commission was then examined by the KGB, which presented its conclusions to the Politburo. There the decision was taken to let Shevtsov's novels be published and referred to the Ideological Commission of the Central Committee. However, the reactions to Shevtsov's books at home and abroad were such that Polyansky's enemies were able to use them against him and on 12 July *Pravda* described Shevtsov's novels as 'ideologically vicious and artistically weak'. This did not stop them being reprinted and made compulsory reading for the armed forces.

ANOTHER MILESTONE in the legalisation of the Russian fascist right was the publication of Valery Skurlatov's book *Zionism and Apartheid* by the Ukrainian Political Publishing House in 1975. Before that Skurlatov had published a pamphlet entitled *A Code of Morals*, in which he told Russia's young people: 'There is no baser calling than to be a "thinker" and "intellectual", and there is no nobler calling than to be a soldier'. Young Russians must be ready at any time for 'the permanent mortal struggle' to defend 'the cosmic mission of the people'. In view of the falling birth rate among the Slavs, there should be 'corporal punishment for Russian women who give themselves to foreigners, branding and sterilisation'. Despite his overt fascist and racist language, Skurlatov did not hesitate to accuse in *Zionism and Apartheid* the Jews and the Catholic and Protestant churches of being responsible for racism and apartheid throughout history: 'The racist conception of Judaism has provided the prototype for European racism'. The Catholic Church, he says, claims to be the true New Israel and as such took over from the Jews the racist claim that they are the Chosen People. As for Protestantism, it is 'a variety of Christianity pregnant with racism', while the Masons are nothing else but 'secular Jews'. It is significant that he makes no such charge against the Russian Orthodox Church.

The pretence that the Soviet Union is the enemy of 'Zionists' and not Jews is ignored by Skurlatov. Ever since Antiquity, he informs his readers, there has existed 'the transnational Jewish corporation' which has been pursuing one aim, mastery over the world, and which created for this purpose 'Judaism, the religion of the God-chosen people'. In our times 'the Judaeo-Protestant influence has clearly manifested itself in the creation of the ideology of American imperialism' and now having achieved this, 'the financial monopolistic corporation of the Jewish bourgeoisie... openly claims its right to world mastery'.

No longer satisfied with the virulent 'anti-Zionist' campaign by the Soviet propaganda machine and news media since 1967, the Russian Neo-Nazi Right openly demands from the Soviet leaders a 'Final Solution of the Jewish Problem'. Valery Nikolayevich Yemelyanov, well known as a lecturer on ideological matters employed by the Moscow Party Committee until 1976, presented a memorandum calling for such a solution to the 25th Soviet Communist Party Congress in 1975; to a conference of the Moscow City Party Committee on how to deal with the 'Zionist menace' in October 1976; and to the International Section of the Central Committee of the Soviet Communist Party in the same year. An enlarged version of the memorandum completed by Yemelyanov on 10 January, 1977, fell into Jewish hands and reached Israel early this year. The beginning of the memorandum is missing, but the major part of it, some 11,000 words, leaves little to guess about its nature and contents.

THE MEMORANDUM consists of two parts: an analysis of the world situation and a programme of action to prevent 'the Zionists and their fifth column, the Masons', becoming masters of the world in 2000. Yemelyanov claims that the Jewish Masonic order B'nai B'rith (Sons of the Covenant), founded in New York in 1843, is the visible top of the invisible international Judaeo-Masonic pyramid ruling the non-Communist world and even influencing Soviet policies through its

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From left to right: Andrew Young, Barbara Harris, Henry Kissinger, Georges Marchais.

agents inside Russia. The rulers themselves are members of B'nai B'rith who have reached the highest 99th degree; they themselves have 'irreproachable Judaeo-Masonic biographical dossiers going back no less than 1,500 years . . . and naturally, belong to the ideological tribe of the Levites'.

B'nai B'rith, we are told, exerts its power over the Gentile world through the non-Jewish Masonic orders. This is done by allowing Gentile Masons of the 33rd degree, to whom 'it has already been revealed that they are merely obedient and uncomplaining executors of the will of the representatives of the God-chosen People', to attend the sessions of the Great International Lodge of B'nai B'rith. Many American presidents have enjoyed this privilege. As a member of the Lions International Order of the 33rd degree Jimmy Carter owes his presidency to B'nai B'rith. President Nixon lost his post because he threatened to take steps against the Zionist lobby in the Congress: 'The supreme Zionist-Masonic lodge, the B'nai B'rith, decided to remove him and accordingly sent instructions to all the Gentile lodges at home and abroad to launch an organised campaign to hound Nixon out of office. As a first step and warning to Nixon, B'nai B'rith engineered the dismissal of Vice-President Spiro Agnew, who was accused of being an antisemite.'

President Carter has repaid his benefactors by appointing a cabinet made up entirely of Jews or Gentile Masons married to Jewesses. As for the two black members of his cabinet, Patricia Harris, Secretary for Housing, is a member of three Masonic orders and received the title of Woman of the Year in 1968 from the women's section of the Jewish War Veterans Organisation, while Andrew Young, 'the rabid anti-Sovietist', belongs to the Masonic Common Cause order. Having won a resounding victory in the non-Communist world and set China against Russia through the efforts of Dr Henry Kissinger (a member of the Masonic *Phi Betta Kappa* and the Masonic clubs Cosmos, Federal City and Century), B'nai B'rith is now working to undermine the Soviet system.

The Gentile world was saved from a Jewish takeover by Stalin's Great Purges. What is happening now, Yemelyanov warns, is not unlike the time when the Jews, Trotsky, Zinovev, Radek and others, all of them Masons, according to him, were in power.

Georges Marchais, leader of the French Communist Party, is a Mason and this explains his 'recent outrageous statements' about the Soviet Union. Many Communist parties in Western Europe and Latin America, and many revolutionary parties in the developing countries have been penetrated by the 'rabid agents' of the Judaeo-Masonic pyramid 'directed in the final account by international Zionism in the body of B'nai B'rith'.

A new dimension to the theory that international Masonry has become the chief enemy of Soviet Communism was given by V. Polezhayev in *Komsomolskaya Pravda* as recently as 13 November. The 20 million Komsomols were warned that young people who reject the ideology and moral values of their parents and grandparents were only being manipulated by the international Masonic organisations which, in turn, were controlled 'not only by international monopolies, but also by International Zionism, this shock detachment of the forces of imperialism and reaction'. Polezhayev explained to his readers that the leaders of international Masonry aimed 'to shake the foundations of independent national states, to undermine the belief in materialist sciences . . . to cultivate anti-patriotism and reject all world outlooks of a party or class nature. They aim to convince young people that no ideologies, no political parties and no socially just models of human society can change the existing order and remove inequality among men'. The ultimate aim of international Masonry is to ensure that the world is controlled by multinational corporations.

ACCORDING TO YEMELYANOV, the French League of Human Rights and Amnesty International are also Masonic organisations and therefore they are exploiting the Helsinki Agreement to set up anti-Soviet organisations of a different type.

> The Mason Yuri Orlov, who heads this illegal group inside the Soviet Union, is working under the guidance of secret B'nai B'rith members in our country. The Masons Solzhenitsyn, Sakharov and Roy Medvedev are also working under their guidance. They have been given the task to create, deep inside Soviet society, the following ideological platforms: Solzhenitsyn to lead the neo-Slavophiles; Sakharov to lead the Neo-Westerners; and Roy Medvedev to head the 'adherents of Socialism with a Human Face' of the so-called Czechoslovak model or the 'Prague Spring 1968' model.
>
> It follows that an attempt is being made to create in the depths of our socialist Soviet society a pseudo-pluralist system or a multi-party system without giving us the choice of any other system, because if elections take place the Masons would come to power and since they are directed by B'nai B'rith, the victors would be international Zionism.

The progress of the agents of international Zionism in taking over the government of the Soviet Union can be seen, according to Yemelyanov, in the spread of the 'Zionist swastika' (i.e., the Shield of David) parading as the five-cornered Soviet Star: 'In the Maurice Thorez State Institute of Foreign Languages in Moscow, despite a three-year battle waged by Soviet patriots, the Zionist swastika has been made part of the coat-of-arms of the Institute . . . Soon afterwards, several students of the Institute defected to the West'. If Golda Meir had visited Moscow today, he says, she would have been delighted to discover

> the Zionist swastika in the symbols of the Russian winter decorating the streets and shop windows, in the advertisements and the ice cream kiosks . . . the white loudspeakers in the Moscow Metro . . . the new, elegant glasses recently produced by the GUS Khrustalny works which have the Star of David at their bottom. A great number of china articles and other products of folk crafts that have been around for hundreds of years have suddenly begun to bear this dubious decoration. In our newspapers the crosswords appear in the shape of the same Jewish star. Zionist-Masonic symbolism is penetrating our architecture: buildings are going up that symbolise the Five Books of Moses, the Talmud, the Kabalah, the scrolls of the Torah and other 'treasures of Judaism'.

To deal with the Jewish menace, Yemelyanov proposes 'The creation of a worldwide anti-Zionist and anti-Masonic front on the model of the anti-fascist fronts of the 1930s and 1940s, because the threat of Zionist rule over the world planned for the year 2000 threatens all the Gentiles on our earth irrespective of their race, religion and party affiliation'. Such a front should attract, he says, 'the widest sections of the populations in the capitalist countries'. Inside the Soviet union the Supreme Soviet should proclaim by decree that Zionists and Masons are outside the law. This should be followed by: 'A merciless war against every variety of organised Masonic-Zionist acitivity such as the Sakharov Committee, the Committee for the Monitoring of the Implementation of the Helsinki Declaration on Human Rights, the Solzhenitsyn Fund for Assisting Political Prisoners, the Soviet Section of Amnesty International and every kind of international seminar on the preservation of Jewish culture'. The illusions of certain Soviet military leaders, who oppose such measures, stem from their experiences of the Great Patriotic War against Nazi Germany.

> Their belief that in case of a new war the same, if not greater, degree of loyalty can be expected from Soviet citizens of Jewish nationality, are hardly justified . . . The sad experiences of Czechoslovakia in 1968 . . . should alert us to the danger. Hitler had also counted on the Volga Germans and the Crimean Tartars and some other people to help his armies. Although the course of the Great Patriotic War was relatively slow when compared with what might happen in a future war, we did not have the time to take the necessary measures to deal with the traitors in our midst in time. Many measures had to be taken only after the liberation of the territories temporarily seized by the enemy . . . *Over 20 million people, mainly Russians and other Gentiles, lost their lives. They did not make the supreme sacrifice in order that we should allow ourselves to be so thoughtless now when faced by an incomparably greater danger. Unless we ensure our rear now, 20 million victims will not be enough to repulse the present menace!*

Like Hitler before him, Yemelyanov does not spell out in detail how he proposes to eliminate the 'Jewish menace'. But he argues throughout his memorandum that Soviet Jews must not be expelled or allowed to leave, for those who go to Israel reinforce the potential

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of a 'fascist state', while the others who emigrate to the United States or other Western countries reinforce the 'Judaeo-Masonic pyramid'. To the Soviet party leaders and officials who have read his memorandum it is therefore clear that he wants at least a 'final solution' on the lines planned by Stalin in the last months of his life.

SUCH A SOLUTION is impossible while Brezhnev is successfully holding together the Soviet establishment, in which the dominant bloc is a warring alliance between the managerial and military-industrial complex. But the historian Alexander Yanov, who is probably the greatest expert on the Russian New Right in the West, believes that without Brezhnev's genius for dealing with the Soviet bureaucracy and his mastery in operating the party and state *apparat*, the present form of 'soft' authoritarianism as opposed to the Stalinist type cannot survive. In the meantime, according to Yanov, the Dissident Right is 'testing and comparing various alternatives, rejecting some and accepting others . . . to gradually formulate the common ground for a coalition of all factions of the New Right, a ground from which it could finally challenge the Brezhnevist centre'.*

Due to the falling birthrate of the Slavs, the non-Slav peoples will by the end of the century make up one-third of the total population of the Soviet Union. This fact matters more to most Russians than Yemelyanov's apocalyptic vision of the Jews enslaving them in the year 2000. But just as the Nazis managed to combine a boundless hatred of Jews with their plans to enslave and exterminate the Slavs, the Russian Neo-Nazis see the extermination of the Jews as part of a war against China. A New Right dissident told Yanov: 'I dream of these yellow ones at night. We, the Russians, need a great national shock; otherwise we will become degraded. We must feel ourselves to be the first in the world; otherwise we will feel ourselves to be the last.' In a survey carried out among the Russian students, Yanov tells us, 75 per cent excluded the possibility of war with the United States, but 90 per cent expressed their readiness to fight the Chinese.

If any further proof is needed that the neo-Nazis in the Soviet Union have allies in the highest places it is provided by the experiences of Academician Mikhail Aleksandrovich Korostovtsev, who apart from being a full member of the Soviet Academy of Sciences is also one of the heads of the Institute of Oriental Studies, which forms part of the Academy, and also chairman of the Russian-Palestinian Society. An Old Bolshevik who remembers the use the Tsarist régime made of antisemitism to prolong its rule, Korostovtsev is known to have described, in public, Yemelyanov and his ilk as nothing better than a modern version of the Black Hundreds, i.e., the gangs organised by the Tsarist secret police, with Nicholas I's personal approval, which terrorised Russian intellectuals and organised the wave of anti-Jewish pogroms during the 1905 Revolution. Despite his position and revolutionary past, Korostovtsev has so far been unable to publish his refutation in Russian, Ukrainian or Belorussian of the antisemitic writings published in the Ukraine and Belorussia. However, *Sovietish Heymland* was allowed to publish Korostovtsev's essay dealing with Skurlatov's *Zionism and Apartheid*.

Sovietish Heymland is the only Jewish publication in the Soviet Union and, needless to say, acts as a faithful mouthpiece of the Kremlin's views on the Jews. It is one of the best printed and edited periodicals in the Soviet Union, but it is printed in such a limited number of copies that, contrary to Soviet practice, the number is not given in the usual place. The Yiddish translation of Korostovtsev's essay is therefore unlikely to reach many Russians. Yet it is a most interesting and valuable study, which begins by demolishing Skurlatov's claim that racism first came into existence when the Aryans invaded India and then proceeds to expose Skurlatov's crass ignorance of history and his debt to German racist antisemites, starting with Bruno Bauer and ending with Werner Sombart. 'Every specialist in the history of the Ancient East', Korostovtsev writes, 'will not fail to notice the unscientific nature of Skurlatov's ideas of the history of the Jews and Judaism . . . What strikes one at once in his formulation [explaining the course of human history] is that it is strikingly similar to the well known political and ideological views that the responsibility for all the "anomalies" in human societies, in politics, culture and so on, is borne not by the exploiting classes of various ethnic compositions, *but by a single people, the Jews in particular.*'

* Alexander Yanov, *The Russian New Right: Right-Wing Ideologies in the Contemporary USSR*, Institute of International Studies, Berkeley 1978. Also, *Détente After Brezhnev: the Domestic Roots of Soviet Foreign Policy*, the same publisher.

EDUCATION

Rick Rogers

Rights of parents . . .

PARENTS SHOULD be able to see, comment on and if necessary amend their child's school record. That's one of the recommendations of the government-backed Lindop committee on data protection which reported at the end of last week.

If implemented, these recommendations should put an end to secret records in our schools and with them the end of the growing scandal of teachers passing off staffroom gossip as professional opinion by adding it to a child's school record.

The Lindop Committee was set up to advise the government on legislation to protect the individual from the misuse of personal data kept in computers. Although the committee found little current computerisation of pupils' records, it expects this to change rapidly over the next few years. Already some records are kept on computer card systems. So pupils' records will come under the regulations of the Data Protection Authority (DPA) which the committee has recommended be established to monitor the collection, maintenance and use of all computerised information.

Three basic recommendations are made on school records. Parents should be allowed access to information kept on their child; they should also know to whom such information is passed on, such as other schools, further and higher education institutions, and employers; and such records should be subject to the DPA's code of practice and monitoring systems.

However, two points made by Lindop are puzzling and do not square with the overall tone of the need for full parental access. It recommends access 'to *almost* all . . . information', and it dismisses as unimportant 'speculation or judgment of future performance' of pupils, and not worth the same right of parental access. But a look at the type of record cards used in many schools reveals that such speculation forms a fundamental part of the information required. And it is on just this sort of information that decisions are often made about the future direction of a child's schooling. It can also determine what a teacher comes to expect of a child on a day-to-day basis, academically and socially. Parents should certainly be able to see those 'speculations' too, no matter how ephemeral they may be.

Meanwhile the National Union of Teachers remains implacably opposed to such parental access. It works hard to maintain a closed mind on the issue and still adamantly refuses to enter into any sort of discussion with those organisations in favour of open school records.

. . . and of children

THE INTERNATIONAL Year of the Child (that's next year) is going to be top heavy with causes, projects and special pleading about and for children. And why not?

One of the most exciting projects to emerge so far with the full backing of IYC's United Kingdom executive committee is the plan to establish a National Children's Legal Centre. The idea isn't new. But this time the initial spark came from a South London lawyer who, as a juvenile magistrate, was horrified at how poorly children were represented in court cases. As a result, his own law practice began to specialise in children and thereby built up valuable experience.

A combination of the young solicitors in the practice and an IYC working party have hammered out a proposal for an investigative project to work on how to set up the centre and what its priorities should be.

They already have a general idea of what the centre should be dealing with – legal casework, advice-giving, producing educational material, doing research and acting as an information service. Without wanting to pre-empt the project's findings, the IYC group would like the centre to conduct test cases to clarify and develop existing areas of the law; to undertake cases concerning children where legal aid is not available; to publicise the need for specific reforms and to act as a national resource unit on the legal rights of children.

For example, the solicitors on the working party are able to break down their own cases into three main categories – children in care with cases on wardship, care orders and the assumption of parental rights; cases about school allocation and parent choice plus corporal punishment and school attendance orders; and handicapped children and ascertainment procedures. They feel that two of the centre's priorities must inevitably be to ensure that parents and children get proper representation in the issue of care orders, and to promote the rights of children while in the care of local authorities. The current controversy over the closure of children's homes seems a natural area of involvement for such a centre.

Other tasks are likely to be: encouraging the setting up of locally-based children's legal centres; establishing a network of local registers of experts willing to provide independent assessment reports on children – as is already being done in part by, for example, Justice for Children and the London-based Blackfriars settlement; devising a complaints procedure for children in care; and, crucially, educating lawyers – especially young ones – to appreciate and specialise in the problems of children.

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Far East Diary

☐ Singapore must be the place where all good Chief Constables, and those who make speeches about Laura Norder at Conservative Party Rallies, go when they die. It is heaven as seen through the eyes of Sir Robert Mark and Metropolitan Commissioner McNee, for not only do they have political detention without trial but no legal aid; so that those suspected can be locked away without Sir Robert's band of nighmare barristers, stimulated by public-funds and the love of crime, having an opportunity to throw sand in the gear box of justice. There is flogging for most things, the death sentence for drug offences and a 500 dollar fine for throwing a cigarette packet on the ground. Sir Robert will no doubt be gratified to know that the streets are safe at night and you could eat your dinner off the floor at Singapore airport.

On the other hand? Well, you need a government licence to start a newspaper, so the few that exist are about as controversial as last year's 'Readers Digest'. The television shows very old Kojaks and no political discussions: reports from Parliament would make dull news anyway, as there are no opposition M.P.s. Banks and businesses thrive enormously, the streets of little Chinese shops and houses have given way to towering hotels, supermarkets and blocks of workers flats. There are no beggars, rural areas or copies of 'Playboy' magazine: there is little free education, or free medical care. Miss Laura Norder is not a great one for culture either. There is talk of forming an orchestra but there is no regular theatre, no 'art movie' houses, and when we eagerly opened our list of 'cultural events' provided in the hotel, the star turn appeared to be a lecture in Chinese on 'How to Read Your Meter' by the Chairman of the Public Utilities Board.

So I have seen the future as dreamed of by Sir Robert Mark and the sad thing is that it works. In a sort of a way.

☐ The wonderful charm of travelling to the East is that it's like stepping back into pre-war England and knowing the great days of Psmith, Jeeves and the clipped heroes of early Coward. Garages in Sri Lanka Advertise 'Petrol Service and Expert Tinkering', and when I happened to mention the bottle of vodka in our hotel bedroom the Tamil driver said, "My Pater would greatly appreciate a noggin of that foreign tipple." (The same driver started the day by saying "May I clobber you for a cigarette?"). Singaporean lawyers have lunch in the Cricket Club, sit on the verandah and watch the peasants in wide straw hats laboriously rolling the pitch as if Raffles had never left. In the Supreme Court a charming attendant crams you into your collar and wig (an attention long discontinued at the Old Bailey). Each morning I met a beautiful Indian lady lawyer who had a diamond in her nostril, a caste mark and an exquisite selection of saris. I always asked Mrs. M. how she was, to which I got the invariable answer, "Jolly bright and perky, thank you." 1920s English still exists, but only close to the equator where it shows no signs of dying. In countries where highly placed politicians refer to their opponents, before crushing them ruthlessly, as 'Silly chaps', it may or may not be comforting to know that the Revolution will probably be announced by a cry of "Come on, you fellows. What do you say we hit democracy for six?".

☐ The beaches of Penang are golden, the sea is warm, the sun perpetual; elderly packaged tourists lie around in batik shorts browning their wrinkles and calling for tubes of beer. Further along the coast the Chinese refugees from Vietnam are trying to land their leaking boats, lying packed like sardines in an oil of their own excrement. Sometimes the boats are hauled back out to sea and hundreds of men, women and children have drowned. A Malaysian lady politician has called for emergency regulations so that refugees can be shot at on the beaches; meanwhile those allowed to land are kept in camps with little food and less water.

Many of the refugees carry, in their plastic bags of possessions, pathetic letters of thanks from the American forces, which they are unable to cash in for any real assistance. America is operating a laborious points system for refugees instead of simply rescuing the boat people: bombing your enemies being so much simpler than saving the lives of your friends. Meanwhile, I wonder why no American campus is solid with sitting demonstrators, why there is no march on Washington and why those students, who heroically fought the Vietnam war in the safety of U.C.L.A., now grown to middle age, cannot even tune a guitar to lament the fate of the Boat People. God knows I wouldn't add to the turgid repertoire of protest music; but surely Miss Joan Baez might have a verse or two ready for the occasion. As Chinese children drown in the warm, caressing waters off the coast of Malaysia, the old 'progressive' world seems to be suffering a nasty attack of one-sided compassion.

☐ It's of no comfort to know that one sort of corruption in Vietnam seems to have given place to another; the Boat People bribe customs officers and the army to let them out of the country. And it seems impossible to go anywhere in the world without discovering new faces of racialism; the Chinese are thought of as the Jews of the Far East, too adept at making money and too involved in their own families for their own good. The Vietnam government seems to have embarked on an anti-Chinese programme that finds unhappy echoes elsewhere. My gentle Indian lady barrister friend said that if one of her daughters married a Chinese she'd bury him under a palm tree in her garden. The apalling fact is that, with any mixture of races in the world, some will be cast as the Irish, some the Arabs and some the Jews.

☐ Night life in our Singapore hotel took a curious form. A chorus line of beefy men with gaucho moustaches and heavy side-burns (they were, I was sure, Qantas stewards making a quick buck during a turn-around), naked except for plastic grass skirts, did South Sea dances brandishing broomsticks in the 'Mayfair Room'. When I said I was taking my wife to Bangkok, Singaporean lawyers, both Indian and Chinese, shook their heads sadly and said, "Coals to Newcastle, my dear sir! Coals to Newcastle." Bangkok, with its rows of gilded temples and stilt houses along the broad, bustling river, must be the most marvellously positioned city in the world, and the mixture of Thai and Chinese girls the most beautiful. Anyone who thinks of 'massage' as what some beefy physiotherapist from Aldershot gives you after straining a ligament in a hectic game of ping pong, hasn't read the equivalent of the *What's On*, which litters the bedrooms of the Oriental Hotel. "In almost any parlour you see girls through one way mirrors, choose by a number, discuss price with the manager (it shouldn't be more than 100 baht an hour) or bargain for a 'special' at twice that price." "Our exceptional service turns customers into friends" boasts the 'Takara' at 11, Patpong Road.

After a dinner of grilled lobster we sat in a bar where girls of surprising beauty go-goed energetically in front of a door marked 'Toilet'. Resting between dancing sessions they chattered to me and my wife about the cost of living, and occasionally slipped on silk capes to escort extremely nervous Australians to the hotel across the street. They seemed friendly, cheerful and considerate, with none of the scowling rage of the British prostitute. Of course, the invaluable *What's On* carries its warning. "Government Health Authorities do exercise some sort of supervision." It also lists other pleasures. "Those who want to be massaged by boys can go to 'Happy Happy' on Soi Nana North." Bangkok must now be to the world what Paris was in the '90s or Berlin in the '20s. It's a place I would recommend my friend Mrs. Whitehouse to visit; there must be absolutely no demand for pornography.

☐ If all this sounds like a male chauvinist heaven, of course it is. (It would be of no consolation to outraged lady readers to direct them to the 'Happy Happy' massage parlour on Soi Nana North.) Buddha sits alone, placid and masculine in the Temples. He is not suffering and no one has put up a statue to his mother. In fact the only shrine to femininity commemorates Anna, governess to the Royal Siamese children. Her blackboard is enshrined in a mother of pearl encrusted hall in the Royal Palace at Bangkok: whether as a tribute to Hollywood or to history I was not altogether clear.

John Mortimer

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ The prostitute, with her £100 plus pay packet, has achieved a feminist ideal – complete financial independence from men. – *Cambridge Evening News* (Stephen Norton)

☐ Lewisham plans to put itself on the map with a £900 series of signs to tell motorists when they are entering the South London borough. The council has defended the scheme against accusations that it is a waste of money with the comment: 'Some people have driven through Lewisham and never knew they had been there.' – *Evening Standard* (Charles Blake)

☐ It is a shock to our family that a quality newspaper like yours should refer to the Prime Minister in a headline as 'Jim' – or, indeed, use the word at all. – Letter in *The Observer* (J. R. Soames)

☐ Companion Housekeeper – 2 in the family, in the 70s but active and titled. The Marchioness of Downshire, 21 Wilton Crescent, London SW1. – Ad. in *The Lady* (Sandy Smithies)

☐ 'I like art', said Lord Thomson. 'It's a wonderful thing to pursue if you can afford it.' – *International Herald Tribune* (Mavis Gallant)

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LETTERS to the EDITOR

In the NEW STATESMAN of 24 November Oliver Gillie told the story of Sir Cyril Burt, the scientific trickster whose views on class, race and intelligence were enormously influential in shaping education policy. On this page we publish a selection of the correspondence generated by the article.

Nostra culpa

Sir, An irony of the illuminating article on Sir Cyril Burt is that during his early years as the LCC's educational psychologist the most readily-available forum for eugenicist ideas was the NEW STATESMAN. One of eugenics' best known propagandists was the Edinburgh gynaecologist Dr Caleb Saleeby, who shared Burt's admiration for the 'research' of Sir Francis Galton. Under the pseudonym of 'Lens', Saleeby was the weeklies' first regular science correspondent. The NEW STATESMAN's first editor, Clifford Sharp, refused to let him use his own name as he feared it would put off a number of readers thereby wasting a most important and innovative feature of the new paper.

An increasing acceptance of state intervention and the scientific planning of society encouraged those Fabians who advocated 'social engineering' as the basis of national efficiency. Interest in the eugenicists with their ideas of selective breeding, and to quote Anna Davin, 'the elitist and managerial attitude to politics', was a natural consequence of the Webbs' ill-fated support for Liberal Imperialism in the early 1900s.

As an active Fabian, Saleeby castigated the most ruthless advocates of natural selection, with their neat justification for opposing all measures of social reform, as inhumane and reactionary. Yet his own remedy of 'Preventive Eugenics' ignored any collectivist solution to a fundamentally socio-economic problem of working-class deprivation, preferring solely to concentrate on the protection of expectant mothers and infants less than a year old. Convinced that mothers were 'the natural saviours of infants', Saleeby reaffirmed his most basic premise:

> There is no State womb, there are no State breasts, there is no real substitute for the beauty of individual motherhood.

If, as is quite likely, Burt felt obliged to suffer such deathless prose every week, one begins to feel quite sorry for the old fraud.

ADRIAN A. SMITH

Keynes College
The University, Canterbury

Generation gap

Sir, According to Oliver Gillie, Sir Cyril Burt claimed that 'his father's mother traced her family back to Sir Isaac Barrow, Newton's mathematical tutor.' Interesting. But a pity Isaac Barrow was never married – and never knighted. Another example of Sir Cyril's inaccuracy and of his willingness to invent to advantage?

DEREK BARROW

The White House
Colworth, Chichester

Spot the lady

Sir, I hold no brief for Burt, but I do know that he did not invent Miss Howard. When *The British Journal of Sociology* was first founded, I was appointed Review Editor and was also in charge of the production of the *Journal*. On the advice of the late Morris Ginsberg, I approached Burt for what was intended to be a review article on *The Trend of Scottish Intelligence* (1949). Burt very quickly produced a long article which appeared in *The British Journal of Sociology*, Vol. 1, No. 2, June 1950, as *The Trend of National Intelligence*. I have in my hands the corrected proofs of that article. They were brought down from University College London to the London School of Economics by a lady who introduced herself to me as Miss Howard 'who worked for Professor Burt'. I have a fairly clear recollection of her appearance, but on looks, over so long a time, memory can lie. What I can say with confidence is that Miss Howard came to me here once with these proofs and once again on some question connected with offprints.

When the controversy about Burt first blew up, I thought of writing to this effect in some public place, but as, in fact, at least one psychologist also vouched for Miss Howard's existence, I did not bother. Now, however, I feel that I must put at least this point on record. None of this affects most of what is being claimed and asserted. Yet it does slightly increase Burt's claim to veracity.

DONALD G. MACRAE

London School of Economics
London WC2

Twin tests

Sir, Oliver Gillie, in a fervid vilification of the complete life and work of the late Sir Cyril Burt, claims that James Shields never encountered any twins previously investigated by Burt. This view conflicts with the statement of Professor A. R. Jensen in the *American Psychologist*, 1978, that, long before the current controversy, Shields had informed him by letter of meeting a number of twins who 'said they had been tested by Burt'. Some readers might also care to be reminded that most of Burt's raw data was destroyed after his death on the advice of Professor Liam Hudson, a critic of his work.

It is debatable as to whether Professor Charles Spearman developed 'factor analysis' as it has generally come to be understood. Burt suggested that Karl Pearson first devised the procedure to analyse bodily measurements. However, Gillie in his zeal compensates Spearman by granting him a Knighthood.

Gillie's ardent denunciation of Burt characterises him as a sinister trickster, both 'racialist and sexist', playing God with the lives of schoolchildren and coldly serving the existing divisive educational system and hierarchical social formation. Yet, Burt (*British Journal of Educational Psychology*, 1947) never favoured 'anything like a single decisive classification of all pupils at the early age of 11', and argued that 'the allocation of pupils to different types of school should be based, not merely on tests of the child's abilities, aptitudes, and attainments, but (so far as possible) on his whole personality and sociological background.' He also recommended that local authorities should be 'allowed the utmost freedom to experiment with the different modes of school organisation and school allocation, according to the requirements of their own particular districts.'

R. E. RAWLES

Department of Psychology
University College, London WC1

Effect of environment

Sir, You conclude that Professor Dorfman's reanalyses of Burt and Howard's figures for IQ in relation to social class 'shake the foundations of most of the work done on intelligence, heredity and social class.' But Sir Cyril Burt was not distinguished only for his 'hereditarian', 'eugenicist' and 'elitist' claims.

Although Burt opposed most forms of fully deterministic thinking in psychology – including behaviourism, experimental psychology, psychoanalysis and physiological psychology – it was not uncommon for him to commit himself to the importance of social-environmental as well as genetic factors. Notably, Burt believed in the importance of the school's influence on children; and he seems to have had a faith in the efficacy of short-term modifications of the school environment that would have entitled him to be called the founding-father of 'situationism' had he lived to participate in modern scholastic rejections of the concept of personality by American social psychologists. Such 'environmentalist' views are presented, for example, in another paper by Burt and Howard (*British Journal of Psychology (Stastistical Section)* V, 39-60; 1952) as being supported by the familiar statistical analyses of comprehensive data from large numbers of schoolchildren. This paper has been considered sufficiently important to be reprinted in what is called 'a source book of readings' in educational psychology (P. Williams (ed), *Behaviour Problems in School*, University of London Press; 1974).

In fact, this paper is far from lucid in its description of how or when or by whom the children were studied and of how the results were categorised and analysed – though factorial analysis is claimed to have been undertaken. As to the published results, the correlation coefficients between 'maladjustment' and School variables (around 0.17) and Home variables (around 0.14) provide no clue as to how Burt and Howard could claim to have been 'led' – as if by the compelling force of empirical evidence – to attach importance to School rather than to Home conditions, or indeed to either. The figures showing that some two-thirds of maladjusted children respond by a complete and permanent disappearance of every overt sign of maladjustment to being placed in a different class or school by an educational psychologist are quite worthless scientifically in the absence of any indication of a control group of untreated cases of maladjustment.

It must be a grave embarrassment to all who put their faith in the scientific community in Britain that Burt was not called to account while he was alive.

CHRIS BRAND

3 Dalkeith Road
Edinburgh

Oliver Gillie replies

Dr James Shields did believe for a time he had come across one twin pair tested by Burt in 1930. However, before he died Dr Shields checked his records and found that this twin pair had actually been investigated previously at the London School of Economics and not at University College, London. Dr Shields told Ann Clarke, reader in educational psychology at Hull, that he believed that this twin pair was investigated previously by Lancelot Hogben in a well documented study published in 1933. Dr Clarke will make copies of the letter available to anyone who is interested. Even if twins tested in 1930 were found, the twins supposed to have been tested after 1950, when Conway was supposed to have emigrated, could not be accounted for.

It is true that Professor Liam Hudson did advise Burt's housekeeper to dispose of a jumble of papers in a number of tea chests but only after many of Burt's friends had been to his house and had an opportunity to advise. Hudson has told me: 'The idea that I might have been caught up in a conspiracy to destroy evidence that would have vindicated Burt is bizarre. The truth is much simpler than a conspiracy. Namely that none of us at that time had read Burt's published papers sufficiently closely to have had an inkling of what was in store.'

Rawles is correct in pointing out that due to an error in a caption we mistakenly gave Spearman a knighthood.

More interesting is Professor MacRae's recollection of a Miss Howard who brought him some proofs corrected by Burt. If this was the Miss Howard who published with Burt why has it proved impossible, after a great deal of effort by many people, to find any documentary evidence of her existence or to find anyone who actually knew who she was and met her more than fleetingly?

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LETTERS

The curse of the Quango

Sir, Many of your readers will have been profoundly disturbed by Anna Coote's article on the Equal Opportunities Commission (NS 1 December). It was precisely because a group of us in the House of Commons had shared this concern for some time that we asked to see the Home Secretary earlier this year about the Commission's failure to do the job for which Parliament set it up. We came away with the impression that the Home Secretary and his advisers knew about the problems and agreed with us that there were genuine grounds for concern. What saddens me about Anna Coote's report is that nothing appears to have been done by the Home Office or the EOC since then.

If the EOC is not to dig its own grave and thereby set back the cause of equality for women, something must be done. The question is what. Here Anna Coote's diagnosis and her prescription are at odds. The fundamental problem of the EOC is its lack of determination and purpose. The purpose of the EOC is quite clear – it is to enforce the Sex Discrimination Act, not to hide behind platitudes about promoting equality of opportunity as a substitute for doing its job. If the Commissioners or officers are unwilling or unable to do their job, they should resign. But one of the reasons why the problem arose in the first place is because of the artificial political balancing act which is Whitehall's way of setting up these bodies – a Labour chairman balanced by a Tory deputy chairman; three TUC nominees balanced by three CBI nominees; and so on.

If this is the problem, then adding a Parliamentary Select Committee to keep a watching brief will solve nothing. Select Committees themselves have to be properly 'balanced'. So you will end up with a Commission so finely balanced that it does nothing, watched over by a balanced Select Committee, and presided over by a hung Parliament! The answer is surely much simpler. It is for the Home Secretary to remind the EOC Commissioners in public, and for the last time, about the job they were appointed to do and set a time limit in which to start doing it. If they cannot or will not, the Home Secretary has the power – which he ought to exercise – to appoint people who *will* do the job. There are plenty of such people around. But you won't find them by appointing Select Committees.

HELENE HAYMAN

House of Commons
London SW1

Sir, Having had the privilege to meet or work with several members of the British EOC, and having first-hand experience myself of trying to implement Equal Pay and Equal Opportunities legislation, I feel entitled to disagree with your evaluation of the working of EOC.

At a symposium of heads of agencies dealing with women workers' problems, which was organised by the ILO in Brussels (November 1977) it was noted that whereas most countries had set up some sort of EOC or Women's Bureau in the wake of International Women's Year, very few had made adequate provisions for the functioning of these agencies. Indeed, as I pointed out in my report to the Wellesley Conference on Equal Pay (May 1978) which was also attended by Lady Howe and Dipak Nandy, some agencies have obvious built-in failure mechanisms. In countries such as the UK or Belgium, where most industrial grievances are handled through *collective* bargaining procedure the EOC's particular powers rest on bringing *individual* cases to court. Such a discrepancy between ways and means has nearly paralysed the Women Workers' Committee in Belgium.

On the other hand, agencies are often set up in the provinces, whereas all decision-making bodies are located in the capital of the country. Hence most of the time and budget of the agency is thus spent on travelling. This factor was mentioned by Jacqueline Nonon, the highly capable Director of the EEC Women Workers' Bureau, on her resignation from the French Délégation à la Condition Féminine, which was located not in Paris, but in Lyon!

Your reporter also seems to blame the EOC for not taking the El Vino case any further. Surely in these times of high unemployment, with over a million women workers grossly underpaid and inadequately protected against hazards at work it would be most frivolous to spend more time and money on Fleet Street drinking places where united they sit but divided they stand? A boycott of such bars by all non-chauvinist males seems a much more effective way of achieving integration than litigation.

I totally agree with your diagnosis that the EOCs of the world were designed to contain the problem of sex discrimination, not solve it. But you are totally wrong in blaming the Commissioners for this state of affairs or in accusing them of corruption. After all, who profits from maintaining inequalities in society? Not the Commissioners. Not the trade unions.

Recent research (Titmus, 1962, Meacher 1972, Atkinson 1972) has shown that 5 per cent of the United Kingdom population own more than half of the property. If such inequality has not been eradicated after half a century of political commitment to establishing genuine equality, how could we reasonably expect one quasi-governmental agency to achieve it for women in just three years?

MARIJKE VAN HEMELDONCK
President

Commission Consultative de la
Condition de la Femme
Brussels

Americans in Westminster

Sir, While I would certainly agree with Godfrey Hodgson (NS 24 November) about the disgraceful lack of research assistants for Members of Parliament, I would like to point out that he is incorrect in his assertion that the only ones available to harassed and desperate politicians are unsuitable American students.

The Department of Government at Brunel University has recently established close links with the House of Commons. Students who apply to work for parliamentarians as research assistants are chosen on the understanding that, because they have a specialised interest in politics, they will be able to provide an informed and effective service. In that way both students and politicians benefit. So far the feedback from all sides has been most encouraging.

LISANNE RADICE

Department of Government
Brunel University, Uxbridge

The City's invisibles

Sir, In his letter last week Mr W. M. Clarke of the Committee on Invisible Exports said that a number of points were overlooked in my article (NS 24 November) on the City's foreign earnings. This is quite wrong. Specifically, to take his points in order:

1. The figure for 'net' City earnings *was* given in my article as were (2) the 'net' surpluses for tourism, shipping, and constructional work overseas.
3. It was clearly explained why City service earnings can be compared with gross earnings in other sectors. Mr Clarke will be well aware that the Central Statistical Office considers the financial services credits are comparable with other industries' gross credits.
4. My article did mention the City's interest, profit and dividend (IPD) earnings, which boosts its total earnings to £1,747m, as I said.
5. There are few service debits set against the City's service earnings, which is why a valid comparison with manufacturing industries' gross earnings can be made. Mr Clarke's reference to Mr McRae's obtuse comment in the *Guardian* on this point ignores the basic fact that financial service earnings of £1,747m (including IPD) went little way to pay an import bill for goods and services (excluding IPD) amounting to £45,155m in 1977. Exports of manufactures contributed £26,080m on the other hand.
6. Even allowing for import content, manufactured exports contributed a far larger amount towards our national import bill than financial service earnings.
7. Mr Clarke says the banks' real foreign earnings are understated. With no figures quoted, it is difficult to assess the importance of this point. Perhaps Mr Clarke's committee could supply such figures.

The Committee on Invisible Exports has a heavy weighting of 'City' representation – half the non-civil service membership – which is curious, considering financial service earnings make up only 12 per cent of invisible service credits, and only one third of private sector IPD net credits. In these circumstances, it is certainly a tribute to the committee that it does not emphasise the 'City' contribution more. Indeed, the committee has begun to draw more attention recently to the extremely important contribution made to invisibles by civil engineers involved in construction overseas, to credits from tourism and to credits from our civil aviation.

On the issue of the conflict of interest between the City and other more important sectors earning invisibles, I should like Mr Clarke to consider the press release issued by his Committee on 19 May 1977. On its front page, the release emphasised the favourable impact of the 'cheapness of sterling' for tourism and civil aviation earnings. However, on its second page, following lengthy discussion of the financial sector, the release emphasised the constraint on invisible earnings caused by the depreciation of sterling, and its effect on 'confidence'. The earnings figures I gave show that the confidence of foreign tourists is more valuable than the confidence of foreign financiers.

ADRIAN HAM

60 Salcott Road
London SW11

Transported

Sir, Your correspondent Ross Wilson (NS 1 December) says that no convicts were transported to Victoria and rebukes Asa Briggs and George Rudé for saying otherwise. But men convicted in the courts of the United Kingdom in the 1840s were sent to what later became the colony and state of Victoria and in any case thousands of men and women who had been transported to Van Diemen's Land made the short journey across Bass Strait to Melbourne from 1835 onwards (Ned Kelly's father was one). The area from which your correspondent derived part of his education almost certainly has today a larger proportion of people who may claim descent from those who left their country for their country's good than most other states of Australia. Whether they were village Hampdens or not, the descendants of the 160,000-odd convicts transported during a period of 80 years form a much more interesting proportion of Australia's population than was until recently admitted or, more significantly, even allowed by the Anglo-Australian 'respectability' and its pretentious and rapacious predecessors.

L. L. ROBSON

57 Victoria Drive
London SW19

Puddings and braces

Sir, Dennis Potter's splenetic review of my book on *The Blackpool Landlady* (NS 1 December) isn't criticism; it's mere abuse. He's glanced at a few sentences and decided that he doesn't like my style. For my part, I don't have much use for his maundering excursions into puddings and braces. But it doesn't get us very far. All I can do is hope that your readers will judge the book on its own merits, if any, rather than letting themselves be swayed by Mr Potter's tendentious view of what constitutes good writing.

JOHN K. WALTON

Furness College
Bailrigg, Lancaster

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FIRST PERSON
Arthur Marshall

Fair Shares

Every now and then I bestir myself, as you will know, and make so bold as to pass on to you various little treats, either literary or verbal, that have, in the course of my happy life, come my way and two such pleasures have recently cropped merrily up. I enjoy sharing in every sense except the dread one employed by what was once the Oxford Group but which re-christened itself, rather grandiosely, Moral Rearmament. I am not one bit keen on re-armament, moral or otherwise. Their form of 'sharing' always seemed to me to consist (and please don't write to correct me as I don't care a sausage or give a fig one way or the other) of exhibitionist, and probably rather lonely, persons standing up in some public place and confessing to this or that disagreeable domestic failing.

I once attended, in a rashly experimental mood, a group meeting in Oxford (where else?) in a very depressing disused cinema. The dynamic Dr Frank N. D. Buchman, the American evangelist with the Lutheran background and on whom I had hoped to feast my wondering eyes, was not, alas, present. Probably busy with a 'quiet time' elsewhere, I suppose, and taking in messages from the Maker, messages which often, if memory serves, seemed to come through to him more readily when he was resident in that comfy Swiss hotel. The altitude brought him nearer to God, I dare say.

Anyhow, at the meeting a dreadfully false bonhomie was everywhere to be found from the *fauteuils* to the gallery, jam-packed with eager bean-spillers. First of all, a seedy young man rose and said that he made love to his stepmother every other Friday, information that was received in a spirit of calm acceptance. Then a plumpish girl rose to say that she habitually ate too much butter and wasn't it awful of her. Then another seedy young man rose to say that he hadn't yet started to notice the opposite sex and so was keeping right on with his other interests. Then I rose, not in order to say anything but in order to leave, explaining to an affronted official at the door that I had really come to see *The Lady Vanishes* but had mistaken the cinema.

But to my treats. They come from two nice letters I have received, both of them sent 9p and regardless of expense, recklessly placing extra cash in the Post Office pocket. And it so happens that among the many agreeable communications that have come to me during the last three years of my weekly appearances in these pages, only two have struck a rather sour note and both of them came from postal employees. One, a more in sorrow than in anger missive from a leading PO official, I have already dealt with here. The other correspondent struck out with a rather more robust line ('Who do you think you are?') and turned out to be a retired postman, outraged at my demanding the return of the Sunday Post. Did I realise, he asked, what it was like to have to turn out at markedly unsocial hours ('bloody dawn' were, I think, his words) to deliver mail or to have to, at bloody dusk I suppose, collect it? How would I like to be ordered to abandon the family hearth at 'Sunday dinner time' (a roast beefy affair, I take it, and post-pub at about 3 p.m.) to go and collect 'bloody silly letters' from the likes of me? His own letter bore no address and so I was unable to send a courteous reply to his ratty but sincerely felt objections.

Well, chiefly courteous it would have been, as is my way, but I would also have taken leave to point out that in any calling or profession it is only too easy to consider oneself more ill-used and put upon than elsewhere. I would also have made mention of the fact that, despite my flowery prose style and obviously privileged existence and generally affected way of going on, I am no stranger to activities that occur at dawn, bloody or otherwise.

In my early years as a schoolmaster there was, except in winter, an appalling class that began at 7 a.m. and ended at 8. In the school boarding-houses, rising-bells started clanging at 6.10 a.m. At 6.45 one hurriedly munched, while Matron supervised the boys ('Come *along*, Henderson!'), a digestive and gulped some slightly gritty cocoa. Then there was a hasty scamper to the main buildings, for the headmaster, dead nuts on punctuality, might be purposefully prowling, in order to be in the classroom on the tick of 7. And then what? I taught, as best I could, French and this painfully early hour found us tackling, as often as not, French literature in the shape of one of the many classical verse tragedies that French dramatists have supplied down the years in such woefully copious quantities. As soon as you had finished one tragedy, there was another one sitting up and waiting for you. Racine and Corneille are especially to blame in this respect. Their quills tended to run quite disastrously on. Seven a.m. is by no means the ideal time of day to encourage, for one tried to make the play come alive, reluctant and embarrassed schoolboys to rise from their desks and whisk themselves back once more into dear old Greece ('Now, let's see, which of you was Iphigénie last Wednesday?'). Collecting posts would have been easier, and, believe it or not, in those days probably better paid.

But now, finally, to the treats. A charming and merry friend, rightly wishful to add an eccentricity to the list of British oddities which I culled a week or so ago from that splendid book, *Gossip*, writes to tell me that his father, in his day a well-known MP and still serving in that capacity during the early part of the war, asked one day a question in the House. It was 1940 and the German bombs were raining down. Much of London had been burnt or destroyed. We might at any moment be invaded, or starved into submission. We stood, indeed, alone. Plainly it was the ideal moment for raising a subject that went right to the heart of things, and this MP did so. 'Would the Secretary of State let me know,' the question ran, 'and as a matter of urgency, the percentage of hemp in hangmen's ropes?'

And now to faraway Madison, a town in Wisconsin, that US state famous both for the Lunts and for its chipmunks. It will be recalled that, many years ago and in England, a lady by the name of Trampleasure once had to have herself removed from the telephone book. She had grown weary of wags ringing up to ask whether she had that day had her pennyworth. And now a kind correspondent has sent me a cutting to the effect that in Madison there lives a 31-year-old man who is called (and what follows may well cause difficulties in our printer's supply of seldom required letters) Zzyzzx, a name which understandably renders its owner's life part sunshine, part shadow. It is apparently pronounced 'Zizzicks', to rhyme, presumably, with physics and he is the very last person to be listed in the Madison telephone book. And the Christian name to go with it is Hero.

Hero indeed. In a breezy interview, Mr Zzyzzx complains little, despite constant telephone calls from 'drunks, children, jokers and insomniacs' (can it be that the last named connect all those z's with what passes in books and illustrations, 'z-z-z-z', for restful sleep and that these calls are therefore, in the modern trick-cyclist's idiom, 'cries for help'?). But not all the intrusive calls from strangers are unproductive. 'Once in a while you get a pleasant chat with somebody. In fact the best calls come from young ladies.' A number of them have been coaxed into a meeting and into accepting a drink. Mrs Trampleasure ('Mine's a small port') might have been on to a good thing.

Roger Woddis

The Mountebank of Mourne

Mr Enoch Powell's speech on Catholicism and the Crown was delivered in Mourne, Co. Down.

Oh, Mary, this Enoch's a wonderful sight,
With his warnings so dark and his cheekbones so white;
His eyes burn with anger like smouldering peat,
But he trembles in terror of losing his seat.

He stirs up the blood, then he makes it run cold
With Acts that are nearly three hundred years old;
But a small, leaking boat's where I'd like him to be,
With a Northern wind bearing him far out to sea.

A nose for an issue, one freely admits,
Looks fine on a fellow who lives by his wits;
He's tried immigration, inflation, the lot –
But there's none can compare with a Vatican plot.

The Man-to-be-King should be free to decide
On the depth of his love and the choice of his bride.
Though they'd all of them suffer a fatal attack
If the Prince chose a Protestant bride who was black.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Philip Collins

Them Wicious Paupers

Dickens and Charity by NORRIS POPE *Macmillan* £8.95

In 1842, when Shaftesbury – Lord Ashley at the time, but I'll stick to one name – was pushing through Parliament his historic Mines and Collieries Bill, he confided to his diary: '"Sinners" were with me, "saints" against me – strange the contradiction in human nature!' A month later, when the Bill was in the Lords, he noted that only three Bishops attended and that the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London had walked out; and a few years later, Shaftesbury referred again to the latter in connection with another of his reformist activities. 'Why', he exclaimed, 'does not my Lord of London inspect, personally, the sinks and gutters of his own miserable diocese? Alas, though he have some zeal, he has more dignity.' And not only *ex officio* 'saintly' prelates but also parliamentary Radicals, big reform men such as Cobden and Bright, were often unsympathetic or hostile to Shaftesbury's endeavours, Cobden not being above sneering about him as one who 'traded in humanity' and made 'occasional visits to factories to talk sentiment over factory children'.

Dickens, a Radical of a sort, and a 'sinner' by Shaftesbury's criteria, more often found himself, on such issues, siding with the Tory Evangelical peer than with the Radical Free-Traders. 'God gave him a general retainer against all suffering and oppression,' wrote Shaftesbury after reading Forster's *Life of Dickens* (there is no evidence that he read Dickens's novels); but the Lord had cannily arranged that Dickens should be an unofficial and unaccredited agent of righteousness in drawing attention to evils and woes –

> though not putting it as Christian principle (which would have rendered it unacceptable) he may have been, in God's singular and unfathomable goodness, as much a servant of the Most High as the pagan Naaman, 'by whom the Lord had given deliverance to Syria'!

And yet, Shaftesbury added, 'strange to say, he never gave me a helping hand – at least, I never heard of it'.

Shaftesbury's memory, or sense of justice, failed him here, for, as his official biographer Edwin Hodder recorded, Dickens 'on several occasions aided materially some of his great labours for the poor'. They often worked in the same areas – Dickens practically as well as in his writings – and to similar ends: and they sought each other's help. Dickens, investigating Manchester factories in 1838, asked Shaftesbury for advice and introductions. In 1840, Shaftesbury, moving the appointment of the Children's Employment Commission, sent Dickens a copy of his speech, and told him: 'Your knowledge of the poorer classes might greatly assist the labours of the Commission.' Dickens replied, 'cursing the present system and its fatal effects in keeping down thousands upon thousands of God's images, with all my heart and soul', and he supported Shaftesbury's parliamentary efforts consequent upon this Commission's Report by two lengthy and eloquent items in the *Morning Chronicle*. A year later, in 1843, Dickens was among the first – and the only prominent author – to become interested in the new Ragged School movement, with which Shaftesbury was to be identified for the rest of his life. Later, the two men were much associated in the sanitary movement and in housing reform.

Unlike the Bishop of London, Dickens was thoroughly acquainted with the city's destitute and criminal purlieus (Shaftesbury was another lay expert on them), though even his heart sank as he visited the first Ragged School: 'I have seldom seen, in all the strange and dreadful things I have seen in London and elsewhere, anything so shocking as the dire neglect of soul and body exhibited in these children.' His many reservations about the Evangelicalism professed by the teachers did not prevent his acknowledging that their 'moral courage is beyond all praise', or his exerting himself to help them. The school stood in Field Lane, the area of Fagin's den. Ten years later, on another philanthropic errand, Dickens was in *Oliver Twist* country again: he was assessing, for his rich Evangelical friend Miss Coutts, the possibility of a slum-clearance scheme in Bermondsey – where Bill Sykes had met his end.

Norris Pope's excellent study is concerned with many such congruences between his novels, journalistic and editorial work, and his philanthropic and public activities: and with conflicts as well as congruences. 'As a guide to the Victorian world', he writes, 'Dickens is not only splendid but, from time to time, splendidly unreliable', and he discusses occasions when the novelist sacrifices consistency and verisimilitude to satirical purposes, or jeopardises the whole of his argument by exaggerating the part.

But, as Dr Pope states, his book 'is not simply about Dickens; it is also about Victorian philanthropy and, particularly, Evangelical philanthropy and the attitudes which sustained it'. *Dickens and Shaftesbury* might indeed better have described it if, understandably, its publishers wanted something snappier than the cumbrous title which, by academic convention, it bore in its original D.Phil. thesis form: 'Charitable Activity and Attitudes in Early Victorian England, with special reference to Dickens and the Evangelicals'. For anyone interested in early Victorian England, the contrasts and similarities between these two leaders of opinion is fascinating, and Dr Pope makes the most of his subject within the compass of his assignment (thus, factory reform is excluded as a legislative not a charitable activity). 'The Children's Champion', Shaftesbury was called, and 'the conscience of the age' – but Dickens has an equal claim to these titles, distant though he was from Shaftesbury in temperament and in theology (not that he gave much thought, or much respected thought, about that). Shaftesbury knew more precisely where he stood. He was 'an Evangelical of the Evangelicals' and, facing his Maker in his 84th year, he felt assured that 'most of the great philanthropic movements of this century have sprung from them'. How widely and deeply Evangelicalism affected the moral tone of early Victorian England, besides effecting many particular reforms, is familiar knowledge, but Dr Pope adds to our awareness of this both by examining the inter-connections between various Evangelical endeavours and the development of their policies *pari passu* with more secularly based ideas, and by examining the areas of agreement – or at least the parallelism – between the Evangelicals and the 'pagan' or 'sinner' Dickens.

For Dickens struck many of the godly as a very nominal Christian. 'We firmly believe,' wrote a Congregationalist reviewer,

> Mr Dickens knows as much of the ways and manners of religious people as a Hottentot (a gentle critic reminded us, when we said so, that 'we love him so much that we wish he knew more').

A more favourable verdict, arrived at after spending several days at Dickens's house, came from the Evangelical merchant-philanthropist George Moore: 'I was delighted to find that Charles Dickens was sound upon the Gospel. I found him a true Christian without great profession'. But certainly many of 'the ways and manners of Christian people' struck Dickens as ludicrous or harmful. Recall the Reverends Stiggins, Melchisedech Hawler, Chadband and many others such, in the novels and essays. He derided the errors to which Evangelicals were prone: unctuousness, self-righteousness, interference with others for their supposed

Gavin Ewart

Exits

If you imagine life as a large room,
most of the Exits are marked Painful –
and this is what causes fear,
to get from here to there
the despot, the dandy and the duffer
all have to suffer.

But with the sudden atomic boom –
this is what makes some men disdainful
of death – or the slick quick knife
or shot, you're out of life
like that! bingo! couldn't be faster!
And that's no disaster.

It's when the slow darknesses loom,
the clouds look doom-laden and rainful,
that lightning hysterias fly
across the agonised sky.
Long illness brings dreams of
funerals, hearses –
but sudden death: mercies.

Don't mourn them, like some stolid
marble tomb,
those who go out like a light – gainful
it isn't, and they had luck,
missed what we all would duck
if we'd the choice: feeling iller and iller.
Long live the instant killer!

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spiritual benefit. It was a very good rule of social and political guidance, he said, that whatever was championed by Exeter Hall, the great centre for Evangelical meetings, was 'the thing by no means to be done' – an intemperate statement, for Exeter Hall was the headquarters of the Ragged Schools, and of other causes that he supported. He often praised Shaftesbury, but could also see him as 'a kind of amiable Bull, in a china-shop of good intentions'.

Sometimes, too, he regarded Shaftesbury as the enemy.

> We know no robber whom the working-man, really desirous to preserve his Sunday, has so much to dread as Lord Ashley. He is weakly lending the influence of his good intentions to a movement which would make that day no day of rest . . . but a day of mortification and gloom.

Lord's Day Observance, a strong Evangelical preoccupation, had always troubled Dickens. His first political essay, written in the *Pickwick* days, was a protest against Sabbatarian legislation: and nearly 20 years later he and Shaftesbury were both in Paris, where Shaftesbury was moved by the spectacle there presented of 'the wholesale, resolute, national desecration of the Lord's Day' to state his vast preference for 'the deadness of London'.

Dr Pope's chapter on 'The Defence of the Sabbath', containing much new information, is one of his best. His is a work of erudition, as its 40-odd closely printed pages of notes attest, but it is crisply written, and will be enjoyed by readers who are not professionally concerned with its topic. Years ago, I wrote a book entitled *Dickens and Crime*, and followed it up so quickly with another called *Dickens and Education* that I thought it prudent to annouce that I did not intend to go on for ever about *Dickens and Such-and-Such*. This declaration was greeted with such enthusiasm by one reviewer that, naturally, I quit the *such-and-such* field. I am delighted that Dr Pope in his *Dickens and Charity* has ploughed another corner of it, with such mastery and aplomb.

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Stephen Koss

The Next Age

Liberals and Social Democrats by PETER CLARKE *Cambridge* £10.50

'In the beginning of the 20th century you could not see the ground for clever men' – or so it seemed to G. K. Chesterton, peering over the rims of his *pince-nez*. Among those who littered the Edwardian intellectual landscape were four individuals around whom Peter Clarke has spun an intricate and glistening web: Graham Wallas, J. L. Hammond, and 'the two Hobs' – as Barbara Hammond tagged them – J. A. Hobson and L. T. Hobhouse. Contrary to Chesterton's sardonic assertion that 'these clever men were at work giving accounts of what would happen in the next age, all quite clear, all quite keen-sighted, and all quite different', the members of this distinguished quartet were allied not only by bonds of friendship, but also by an abiding devotion to common values. And, as Dr Clarke has adeptly demonstrated, they represented a wide body of opinion, crucial to an understanding of the age to which they belonged.

Like others, with whom their personal and professional lives were entwined, the four differed among themselves on points of emphasis or detail. Given their talents and temperaments, one could not expect otherwise. Yet they could appreciate each other's achievements and, perhaps more significantly, aspirations. Each in his respective field of endeavour was an ardent and eloquent exponent of progressive thought, valiantly struggling to reconcile the liberal tradition with successive social and political exigencies. Radicals, until that term lost relevance and repute, they became the self-designated apostles of the New Liberalism which, Dr Clarke firmly insists, 'was not proto-socialist but revisionist'.

The similarities in their backgrounds were striking: all were men of adequate means, who had broken (sometimes painfully) with the Christian pieties of their youth, and who bore the imprint of their Oxford educations; two of them had tubercular wives. Their ideological affinities were still more remarkable and, by implication, more far-reaching: all of them were dedicated to the reaffirmation of a distinctly liberal ethic that, better than either socialism or conservatism, afforded the means to realise the vast potential of social democracy. At an early stage, Hobson recalled, 'my opinions and my feelings were beginning to move in the direction of Socialism', but he had found its tenets, whether 'Marxian, Fabian or Christian', incompatible with his 'systematic analysis' of under-consumption. Hobhouse, although he stubbornly called himself a collectivist, disapproved of socialists for whom 'increased regimentation is an end in itself', and particularly those who 'have yet to learn that their synthesis must include all the elements of value represented by the older Liberalism'. Like the other 'Hob', who prized the 'illimitable character of Liberalism, based on the infinitude of the possibilities of human life', he preferred 'a Liberal Socialism', which he saw as no contradiction, 'to a Socialism that is illiberal'. Wallas, withdrawing from Fabian Society ranks, concluded: 'On the questions which divide the Liberal and Conservative Parties, I am a Liberal.' Hammond, the least disposed to abstract theorising, contributed his journalistic and historical output, as John Galsworthy approvingly noted, to the propagation of 'Liberal thought'.

Despite the disappointments they suffered at the hands of Liberal politicians, most notably John Burns at the Local Government Board and Sir Edward Grey at the Foreign Office, these men neither despaired of their creed nor would they have any truck with the argument that Liberalism and Labour were fundamentally divergent. Even after the Liberal Party had declined, they remained fixed in their principles, if occasionally shaky in their allegiances. 'I am a Labour man so far as I am party', Hammond confided uneasily in 1924, while his wife lamented that 'the constituencies don't seem to appreciate Liberals, it's a pity their brains can't fertilise the Labour fields, which badly need them'. Together, they returned to the fold to vote for the Liberal candidate at Oxford in 1945. Four years later Hammond died. His widow survived to vote Tory in 1951.

From this superb book, one is able to comprehend the intellectual and emotional predicaments of these four personalities and, in no small measure, of the contemporaries with whom they constantly interacted. One can comprehend, too, their achievements, which have tended to be discounted or forgotten. The stature of each of these individuals is thoughtfully evaluated, but never exaggerated. The focus throughout is on ideas, with due regard for the ferment that they both generated and reflected. In this respect, the author has shifted from his previously 'Namierite' approach, grounded in electoral analysis, to a somewhat Whiggish perspective. That, in the light of recent scholarship, makes the project more adventurous than it might appear. 'Ignoring ideas means ignoring men's own understanding of their position and behaviour', Dr Clarke has cogently explained. 'It is necessary, therefore, to examine not only the sociological and psychological context but also the intellectual content of ideas that are current.'

Ingeniously conceived and meticulously executed, this work is further distinguished by a literary style that offers delights as well as insights. Wallas once described how, in the theological atmosphere of his parents' home,

> the family frequently had a pudding made of rice and currants and was divided over how it was best to eat it. One faction advocated eating the rice first with the anticipated pleasure of the currants to come. The others countered that the Day of Judgment might intervene and the chance of eating the currants be lost.

Happily, Dr Clarke poses no such moral problem. The currants are generously distributed in his prose, which also yields many plums. It is a rich and nourishing confection.

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Geoffrey Grigson

Earthly Paradise

John Masefield: A Life by CONSTANCE BABINGTON SMITH *Oxford* £6.50

Masefield I have thought of as a simple good man who imparted in a few lines out of many poems, and in a few adventure stories, a feeling that the wonderful might be just around the corner. We are told in this biography that the sophisticated Mario Praz went to see him on Boar's Hill in 1923 – Masefield was then 45 – and found 'a rather wooden-looking little man, dressed a little like a porter on Sunday, with short nut-brown trousers above his ankles and an impossible collar'. Mrs Masefield (that remarkable ex-housemistress from Roedean) did the talking and answered the questions, while Masefield nodded his head up and down 'in the manner of a papier mâché donkey, and said something or other, it is true', which 'might have been said by anyone'. Such descriptions exist of visits to Hardy, but then poets at tea and poets in print are not identical.

More to the point, and also quoted, is J. C. Squire making Masefield say, when everyone was reading his early story poems,

> Dogs barked, owls hooted, cockerels crew,
> As in my work they often do
> When flagging with my main design
> I pad with a descriptive line.

He pads, yes. He does break into a sudden emptiness, he inserts putty, just when a fullness ought to appear. Miss Smith, in her account, also pads; or she babbles too much in the socio-literary trivia of Masefield's life. What can be said, what has been said, against Masefield's poems she rather brushes away. What was the evident spring of Masefield she mentions – because Masefield mentioned it – without seeing its relevance altogether, or detecting its insufficiency.

Looking back to a childhood, in a family of sisters and brothers, in comfortable Herefordshire, on the edge of those daffodil fields which for a while also enshrined Edward Thomas and Robert Frost, Masefield wrote in his old age (as if he had been reading of another Herefordshire poet, Traherne), 'I was living in Paradise, and had no need of the arts, that at best are only a shadow of Paradise.' He was a little over five when one day, 'looking north, over a clump of honeysuckle in flower', he felt himself entering into what he calls 'a greater life' – 'something much more beautiful, very near and almost to be reached' – which at the same moment was entering into him, 'with a delight that I can never forget'.

A culturally conditioned description, you may object, but the experience occurs, and what I find sad about this sad-looking and 'wooden-looking little man', with – afterwards – his rather ordinary sensibility, is that the experience raised so little of his verse. He caught flicks of it everywhere and often, when (after family disaster) he was pitched into the Merchant Navy, when he had deserted ship in New York (aged 16), and was in turn hobo, barman, and employee of a carpet factory.

He clutched at that glitter, that illumination, in his New York reading of Malory and Chaucer's *Parlement of Foules*. It beckoned him, during his London days as a bank clerk, in the insubstantiality of *Lavengro* and *The Romany Rye*, which he knew by heart, then more brightly in the work of artists he loved, Dürer, Cima, Bellini, Piero della Francesca, Millet, Corot, Theodore Rousseau; then, too, in the stories of William Morris's *Earthly Paradise* and in poems by Yeats, whose friend he became.

Yet in nearly all his verse, if he describes, his description is not an image of all actuality (a page of Dante explains the difference). The Paradise he experienced only dwindles, as a rule, into such words as wonder or beauty. Of course it is true that the not very good poets are never to be dismissed without careful inspection; but then it is also true that his biographer seems quite unable to inspect with care or certainty. She is given to say, 'Masefield was always a countryman at heart' or 'Jack's avid reading bore rich fruit'; and it appears to me quite the oddest thing that she hardly mentions the work by Masefield, the adventure stories in prose, which succeeds by its genuine tone of the wonderful, of the about to happen. 'A story for children, *The Midnight Folk*, which was to become a classic' – that is all she says of one of his best fictions; not a mention of *Lost Endeavour*, or *Jim Davis*, or *The Box of Delights*. I think often of a children's poem by Robert Graves (in *The Penny Fiddle*) in which the piercing light and delight of what is happening and will happen next are imparted as much in movement and metre as in narrative. In a like way Masefield, in his best prose tales, conveys wonder as much by that tone as by incident or story.

Clues in this biography are scattered and not followed – clues, for instance, that there was something too nice, too respectable even, about John Masefield; clues also of how he pursued a poetry beyond his power or nature. He remarked already in his twenties that by and by he might be able to write properly of the bitter miseries of common life at sea, the 'bite' of which had 'lost its fang' in him, if only he could abstain from his 'romantic dreams of John Silver, the Spanish Main, and all the Tropic Island palm tree business'. Abstention didn't work, and really his business was to make something new and viable of his 'dreams'. His tough writing, his 'closhy put' and 'bloody liar', seems weak, if not fake.

As for his niceness, his wife, so much older than himself, whom he loved so much (having lost his mother when he was six), wrote in her diary, after the publication of his steeplechasing poem 'Right Royal', that 'he could never be vulgar even if he tried, though he can write of people as vulgar as you like'. But once he had taken to his unromanticism, rightly or wrongly, some cut, some vulgarity might have helped.

When he reached America in 1916, famous for *The Everlasting Mercy* and *Dauber*, on an official war-time tour, he was surprised at the acclaim for *The Spoon River Anthology* by Edgar Lee Masters, behind which – how wrong he was – 'there was nothing deep enough . . . to atone for it or make it human'. What Masefield, nice man, could not do was write a poem as strong as Masters's epitaph on Editor Whedon who scratched dirt over scandal for money, and now lay in the

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graveyard near the dump where 'abortions are hidden'. Or can you see Masefield writing a poem as bleak as the one by W. H. Davies, in which the dead baby, 'a knowing little child', seems to wink at the jurors, hinting 'Perhaps my mother murdered me'?

Not a bit of it – publicly. Only in private could Masefield forget – occasionally – to be quite so nice; as when he referred to his vicious Aunt Kate, his guardian, who sent him to sea, as 'a repulsive hay so dead to the requirements of decency, courtesy and reverence'; or when he wrote in his pocket-diary a couplet about the Oxford lunch given to Honorary Doctors, himself included, after the Encaenia of 1922 –

> With squeaky wit the light, improper verse
> Falls on the heavy lunch and makes it worse.

Tina Brown

Nowspeak

This England edited by Audrey Hilton *Statesman & Nation* 80p.

Sayings of the Week selected and compiled by Valerie Ferguson *David & Charles* £2.95

The NEW STATESMAN's 'This England' column is a heart-warming index to national pottiness. Every week in a fresh press-cutting layman's lunacy undercuts newsman's English. The wild world of Mr Average is never more drolly on view than in the British law courts:

> Mr John Mcglennon, prosecuting, asked, 'Why did you hide? It is not illegal to have sexual relations in the Howard Bedding Company.' Bevan replied, 'It is embarrassing when you are caught by an alsatian.'

The new selection of 'This England' (1974-78) is a yell. One finishes it with a sense of wonder at the composure of that maligned figure, the English hack, whose objectivity never deserts his notebook even when the events he reports are unexpurgated *Monty Python*. Are they really rushed to the presses in earnest – these collisions of dry prose and mad incident? Or is there, as I like to think, a grim smile on the lips of our man on the spot, filing in a miasma of Scotch and dandruff from the nearest pay-phone?

The section entitled 'Loners' yields the rummest goodies. It is here that we find the reasoned voice of the authentic fruitcake – the motorist who, when stopped for questioning, 'wedged himself in the car door and commenced to eat his licence', the man fished out of the river in Kent shouting, 'I had to get away from Essex – it was full of murderers'. The bona fide 'This England' snippet exhibits no astonishment at its own material. The *Daily Telegraph* fares better in this than the *Daily Mirror* and the *Sun*, where the game is often spoiled by knowing punctuation. At its best a snippet reinforces a batty national stereotype. England, it emerges, is still stuffed with characters one thought were relegated to the uninventive first novel – the one in which all the Irishmen are thick, the colonels crusty, the British Rail employees obstreperously literal. Second novels tend to find the Irishmen brilliant and the colonels communist, but no such subtlety is to be found in the world of 'This England'. The letters page of the *Daily Telegraph* is still crammed with apoplectic blimps roaring into the void:

> Sir, Crisis? What crisis? Go down to the local supermarket any Friday and see the housewives pushing out trolleys loaded to the gunnels. The working classes are awash with money.

'This England' catches the nation in its combinations. The *Observer* 'Sayings' presents it piss-elegant in tails. The editor, Valerie Ferguson, has arranged 61 years of clever cloggery under weak headlines which never even reach for a pun. 'The day of the jewelled epigram is past,' Lord Annan is found lamenting in 1966, 'and whether one likes it or not one is moving into the stern puritanical era of the four-letter word.' Judging by many of the dud *mots* included here, the jewelled epigram hasn't been up to much since Oscar Wilde's day. Try this mouthful of bricks from John Masefield in 1938:

> Too often poets are not regarded until they have been 50 years in their graves. They bring their gifts of joy and ask bread from the world and the world, too late, gives them a memorial stone.

The historical perspective on the 'Sayings' is good for a few giggles in sepia. The section 'Bad Guesses', for instance, features such treasures as the famous scientist, Sir Ernest Rutherford, trumpeting in 1933, 'Anyone who looks for a source of power in the transformation of the atom is talking moonshine.' One wonders why this was a 'Saying of the Week' in the first place. Was there some wizard futurologist at the *Observer* who deliberately set the old goat up?

The 'Homespun Philosophy' section proves that in the mouth of a public figure an aphoristic form gives the gloss to a bromide more suited to a Christmas cracker than a saying of the week. Who came out with this one? 'If you live among wolves you have to act like a wolf.' No, not Tonto to the Lone Ranger under duress. Nikita Khrushchev – on form. Who said, 'If we should promise people nothing better than only revolution they would scratch their heads and say, "Is it not better to have good goulash?" ' No, not the wine waiter at San Lorenzo but old Khrushchev again, on even better form.

The best 'Sayings' are an authentic echo of mood and speaker rather than disembodied wit. No anthology of this nature should be read at one sitting – it is like being trapped in an Inter-City dining compartment with the Algonquin table – but, like 'This England', 'Sayings' is an unimprovable loo-book. And sometimes it succeeds in catching the cogent perception of a bright mind wanting not to dazzle but communicate. Ian Hay, 1923: 'An Englishman's real ambition is to get a railway compartment to himself.' Both collections celebrate this admirable national trait.

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The Life by JEANNE CORDELIER *Secker & Warburg* £6.90

Erin Pizzey describes how, when she was about 15 or 16, she arranged with her sister and brother to murder their father: first they put ground glass in his steak-and-kidney pie; then they handed him a cup of poisoned tea; finally they tied a cord across the stairs outside his bedroom so that he would hurtle out and break his neck when one of them screamed in the kitchen below.

When he proved indestructible, like the little tailor in the fairy story, the plotters gave up in despair. Years later Mrs Pizzey discovered from talking to the unhappy families who seek refuge at Chiswick Women's Aid that it is not uncommon for children to set out, with or without their mothers, to kill fathers and husbands who have made their lives

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intolerable. Her own father was the 17th child of a mother he hated and an Irish publican who was said to be able to pin five men against a wall with one arm. Escaping from a background of poverty and hardship by what must have been an heroic effort of will, he made a successful career in the diplomatic service, where he was dreaded abroad – and still more at home – for his foul manners and filthy temper.

His twin daughters, bullied by their father, neglected by their mother, furiously jealous of their baby brother, were brought up by relays of nannies and native amahs. Erin grew up a terrorist in her own right, aggressive and accident-prone, naming her doll after herself (her twin sister, incidentally, is nowhere named in these pages) and bestowing her affections on a series of increasingly disruptive pets – a savage meat-hawk, a lecherous marmoset, a gazelle who ate cigarettes by the packetful (and eventually died from a surfeit of silk stockings which choked it). Her idea of playing a joke on her mother was to heave a boulder into the pond in the Embassy compound, and dash indoors shouting that the baby had fallen in. In Beirut she fell on her head from a top bunk to a stone floor, in Canada she nearly died in a snowdrift, in Persia she broke her arm falling off a bike (and sent a message to her mother who sent the messenger back to say that, since there was nothing wrong with her legs, she could perfectly well walk home).

Dumped in an English convent school for years on end while their parents settled in China, neither twin flourished: the sister grew deadly thin, developed weeping eczema and turned herself into a model of docility, while Erin, who methodically broke all the rules, spent much time chewing poisonous berries in the garden or standing barefoot in frozen puddles. The Mother Superior, whom she loathed at sight and who cordially returned the feeling, was prevented from expelling her only because there was nowhere for her to go: '"You were born to hang," she said.' The twins spent holidays in an institution called St Mary's (which provided the nearest thing they knew to a happy home life), and half terms staying with school friends where the traditional economies of the upper-middle classes did nothing to mollify the implacable Erin: 'I hated the families that kept horses in their stables covered in warm wool blankets, while I lay upstairs and froze under threadbare blankets.' No wonder England seemed to her (and still does, at any rate in the official aspect it presents towards the Chiswick refuge) dank, chill, inhospitable, a land of white-faced, thin-lipped natives with bony elbows and hearts of stone.

And yet, for all its fear and misery, this is a far from discouraging book. On the contrary, it has that irresistible limpidity, vivacity and succinctness which distance lends to all the best childhood memoirs. Its tone is gay, detached and even. The dustjacket shows the author looking tough as old boots and wearing the placid smile of one who – like her Irish grandfather – is 'never far from trouble' (for that matter one would scarcely be surprised to learn that she could lick five men with one arm tied behind her back if she cared to try). It is a snapshot which gives one furiously to think about the fact that failings bred by a disastrous childhood – belligerence, obstinacy, recklessness, the craving for attention and excitement – have since proved strengths ideally suited to Mrs Pizzey's present calling. Even her great bulk (copied from the comforting woman who ran St Mary's, a spinster well over six feet tall and 20 stone in weight) comes in handy, whether to console distraught women or cow council officials. She herself puts her sense of personal responsibility for women and children in distress down to her mother's sufferings in childbirth, and slow death by cancer; by the same token her knack of handling violent men comes from an obsession with a father whose sadism made the assaults of all other adults seem like gnat bites. Without him, as she says herself, there would have been no campaign for battered wives, which makes a neat conclusion to what turns out to be, in every sense, an eminently satisfactory life.

A comparable background of deprivation and indifference shaped Jeanne Cordelier's *The Life*: born in a Paris slum, interfered with by her grandfather at the age of four, later paid by her father to share his bed, she eventually fell for a friend of her mother's who promptly installed her in a Pigalle brothel and settled down to live in luxury on her earnings. Knives and broken bottles had been her playthings in childhood, and remained in adult life the tools of a trade which satisfied more or less her perpetual desire for money, kicks and admiration. Apart from the whore's pipe-dream of retiring to a country cottage with roses round the door, the only realistic alternatives seemed to be bourgeois domesticity ('You were meant to live the good life, not to wipe the asses of a bunch of brats') or some less respectable but equally deadly form of slavery ('fucking Arabs in Clignancourt'): the nearest she came to this last dread fate was a spell in a provincial bar near Marseilles, working from 9.30 a.m. till the last customer had left at night, charging 25 francs a time (7 minutes per job, including the time it took to get upstairs and down again) and turning anything up to 43 'tricks' a day.

This book is fascinating on the physical drudgery and financial exploitation of prostitutes, no less so on the brutal theory and practice of pimps. But its slick monotonous round of sex and violence is at once wholly unerotic and so blatantly commercial that it is hard to know what to make of the publishers' somewhat guarded assertion that Mlle Cordelier's narrative, with its tags from Stendhal and Prévert, is not a novel but 'all too agonisingly real'. Perhaps Martine Laroche and Harry Matthews, who respectively ghosted and translated the text, should be held responsible for the distinctly unconvincing idiom of these Montmartre hookers and fladge-queens with their aching glims and their swishy cocksucking skirts, being endlessly zonked and bobbled and zapped, popping their cookies with slowpokes and snotguzzlers, or pausing to pass on nuggets of practical folk wisdom ('A washed crotch means a clean crotch') and rude philosophy: 'If you're a bunch of fucked-over dopes, that's tough tittie!'

Hermione Lee

Tiny Poker

Katherine Mansfield: A Biography by JEFFREY MEYERS *Hamish Hamilton* £7.95

Lytton Strachey, during a particularly taxing visit to Garsington in 1916 ('I sit quivering among a surging mesh of pugs, peacocks, pianolas and humans – if humans they can be called'), noticed Katherine Mansfield:

> An odd satirical woman behind a regular mask of a face. . . . She was very difficult to get at; one felt it would take years of patient burrowing, but that it might be worthwhile.

Eleven years later, when Murry published her *Journals* posthumously, Lytton was astounded: 'Why that foul-mouthed, virulent, brazen-faced broomstick of a creature should have got herself up as a pad of rose-scented cotton wool is beyond me.' Though Lytton's

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tone was characteristically shrill, his bafflement at Katherine Mansfield's contradictoriness was universal, and continues to make her an intriguing subject, well worth the 'years of patient burrowing' which Jeffrey Meyers has evidently expended on her.

A middle-class New Zealand girl breaks away from her philistine family, rushes to London, has an affair, gets pregnant, marries someone else, leaves him the next day, takes drugs and has a miscarriage alone in Germany. In her ensuing, longer-lasting relationships she is unfaithful, demanding, and violently critical of those who love her. She plunges into irrational excesses of feeling – grief for her dead brother, resentment against her long-suffering companion Ida Baker, a final desperate faith in Gurdjieff. Yet she could be coolly ironic about herself and her friends. Her attitude to Lawrence, particularly, provides a wittily austere perspective on his obsessions:

> I shall *never* see sex in trees, sex in the running brooks and sex in everything. . . . I suggested to Lawrence that he should call his cottage The Phallus and Frieda thought it was a very good idea.

And she had admirable discipline and toughness. She put up with Murry's ineffectuality and meanness for years, and with the conditions of poverty in which they mostly lived. From 1916 until 1923 she led a nomadic life in the search for health, coping with solitude, extreme physical discomfort, and the fear of death, and, until the last months, writing continuously. The contradictions are reflected in her stories, the best of which ('Prelude', 'The Man without a Temperament', 'The Garden Party', 'The Stranger', 'Marriage a la Mode', 'The Fly') are extremely powerful, and apply a deceptively delicate, elusive, wistful manner to bleak areas of disappointment and deception.

Professor Meyers makes his way through these complexities with the finesse and dexterity of a bison at the harpsichord. As well as re-using the now familar *Journals* and letters to Murry, he has found out the 'full story' about her sexual adventures – what Virginia Woolf called 'having gone every sort of hog'. Armed with a mass of new material (including one splendid account of a conversation with Joyce about *Ulysses*), he has a foolproof theory about every obliquity of character, every dark corner. Her mother didn't love her? Right:

> In this crucial moment of emotional rejection, when Katherine is supplanted as the baby of the family . . . her self-absorbed mother refuses to kiss her and makes the child doubt her love. The search for and disappointment in love was a dominant pattern of Katherine's life.

She had lesbian tendencies? Fine:

> Katherine's need (like Wilde's) to love men and women at the same time helped her to form friendships with the bisexual Dora Carrington and Virginia Woolf.

She was a peculiar mixture? No problem:

> The central conflict in Katherine's work was between the remote, restrained, forbidding and frightened woman and the lonely, isolated, and often helpless girl who was herself frightened of life and of death; between the savage satirist of German crudity and marital cruelty, and the nostalgic sentimentalist of childhood life in New Zealand.

The reader stifles a giant yawn, and Katherine Mansfield somehow slips away.

Every so often the facile, ponderous commentary tips over into the absurd. Katherine had a boyfriend in 1910 who had a habit of lying on the floor and waving his legs in the air. 'Katherine must have found it extraordinary', Meyers remarks solemnly,

> that Murry . . . did precisely the same thing – 'I raised both my legs in the air and waved them about' – when in April 1912 he refused Katherine's offer to become his mistress.

In 1915 she had a brief affair with a sinister Corsican novelist, Francis Carco. Meyers notes 'a suggestive passage in her *Journal*: "And F. quite naked making up the fire with a tiny brass poker".' Did her disappointment in this affair, our biographer ponders, have anything to do with Carco's 'tiny poker'?

Predictably, Meyers enlists all the stories in the service of biographical information. There is good sense in this, of course: her childhood is very vividly realised in stories like 'Prelude' and 'At the Bay'. But not all of the caustic, painful treatments of marriage need necessarily be 'grim projections of her relations with Murry', as Meyers calls 'The Man without a Temperament'. In fact this story, like several others, is given largely from the point of view of a sympathetic male character, and the woman, as often, is portrayed as shallow and egotistical. Meyers ignores this twist, and his accounts of the stories are feeble.

His characterisation of Katherine Mansfield's circle is equally crude. He has an irritating habit of summing people up with a short burst of adjectives: 'the impoverished, passive, and unsecure Murry', 'the supercilious Osbert Sitwell', 'the snobbish' (you've guessed it) 'Virginia Woolf'. Although he attacks Murry for his creation of a sentimental myth about Katherine Mansfield, he himself romanticises her by insisting on how much she was misunderstood and maltreated. Lawrence was cruel, her lovers were selfish, Bloomsbury stand-offish, and Gurdjieff a monstrous charlatan. Virginia Woolf comes off particularly badly; Meyers calls her response to her rival's death 'insensitive, envious and malicious', and then quotes the damning passage from the diary, missing out the qualifying touches which suggest more complex and more generous feelings:

> [She] could do what I can't . . . Still there are things about writing I think of and want to tell Katherine. If I had gone to her, she would have got up and in three minutes, we should have been talking again.

Murry is painted very black, and this seems no less than appropriate. Of all the literary figures of the 1910s and 1920s, he appears to be the only one about whom there was a consensus of opinion: that he was poisonously pretentious, self-admiring and feeble, or as Bertrand Russell put it, 'beastly'. But Meyer doesn't make one understand why Katherine carried on with him for so long. For all its information, this is a dreary, imperceptive book, and leaves the field wide open.

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The Uses of Anger

I Write What I Like by STEVE BIKO edited with a personal memoir by Aelred Stubbs *Bowerdean Press* £4.95

During the 1960s phase of the US civil rights movement a whole series of young blacks became household names across the world: Stokely Carmichael, Huey Newton, Rap Brown, Bobby Seale, Eldridge Cleaver, Angela Davis – the list could roll on longer. They were all young, attractive, articulate and very angry. Great claims were made on their behalf (and sometimes by them) as to their wide radical influence, how blacks as a group were at the end of their patience, how it was all going to be burnt down, Whitey. Ten years on it all sounds at least faintly ridiculous. None of those listed above has survived in any sort of leading role – the blander, slicker Andrew Youngs have succeeded – and it is even getting a little difficult to see what all the fuss was about. None of them had anything like a viable, or even clear, strategy for black liberation. Was it all just sloganising?

This uncomfortable parallel presents itself at intervals as one reads this interesting and extremely worthwhile book put together by Father Stubbs. The book, which collects most of Biko's important speeches, includes a lengthy personal memoir by Stubbs, who knew the Biko family for 14 years. This is often of quite exceptional interest and honesty, entirely eclipsing Donald Woods's overwritten, embarrassing, and much less revealing book on Biko. Stubbs's affection and admiration for Biko shine through but he does not hide his remonstrations with Biko over the damage his extravagant sex-life was doing to his movement, or the fact that Biko's community project was generously financed by the greatest capitalist concern in South Africa, the Anglo-American Corporation. (This fact is never mentioned by Woods, nor is it made clear in his book that one of the reasons why Biko allowed a number of white liberals to

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befriend him was to obtain access and conduits to such sources of funds.)

Biko's resemblance to the American Black Power generation went far beyond his free and easy sex-life and his undoubted youthful charisma, however. He was, indeed, emphatic that he was not aping them – but the same themes occur over and over again, the same quotations from Fanon, Aimé Césaire, and Sekou Touré are trotted out, and much the same biting remarks about white liberals are scattered through the text.

And, like them, Biko was very much part of what he opposed. (Who was *really* surprised when someone always as media-conscious as Huey Newton began selling Black Panther golf bags?) Biko scorned white liberals and those blacks willing to socialise with them – 'they have been made to feel inferior for so long that for them it is comforting to drink tea, wine or beer with whites who seem to treat them as equals'. Yet Biko spent sufficient time in similar fashion with whites such as Donald Woods to incur rising criticism from within the Black Consciousness movement just before his death. Much of the book is taken up with Biko's angry denunciations of missionary Christianity, its colonialist role, and its inculcation of *'mea culpa* attitudes', its advice to blacks to 'turn the other cheek', its injunction to seek faults within oneself, not in the social system. Yet Biko is at pains to justify himself in Christian terms and to acknowledge his own Christian allegiance. The fact that he regarded Father Stubbs as his (white) 'father in Christ' suggests, moreover, a truly mission-boy relationship, for all his angry demands for a new Black Theology.

Yet here is also the key to why Biko, like Stokely Carmichael *et al., was* important, and why he was not a fraud. For it was these very contradictions in their lives which made them significant, made them men of the people. Most American blacks are thoroughly commercial beings, would like to get rich – like Huey Newton. Most South African blacks are pious, conservative Christians: as an atheist Biko would have had few roots indeed. And precisely because such men were operating within this popular cultural context, their impact was indeed very great. Biko used his position inside Christianity to argue for a gospel which concentrated on the major social sins, not the petty private ones, one which refused to counsel the faithful to suffer injustice passively. 'I would like to remind the black ministry, and indeed all black people,' he wrote, 'that God is not in the habit of coming down from heaven to solve people's problems on earth.' One of Biko's legacies is that the black seminaries of South Africa are today centres of the most militant Black consciousness.

Secondly, Biko, like Carmichael *et al.,* is not to be judged by the poverty of his political strategy (he recommended other blacks to devote themselves to community projects too – where were they to get *their* finance from?) What both were saying to other blacks was simply 'For God's sake, stand up. You have nothing for which to apologise, nothing to justify a feeling of inferiority. Do not hide your anger. It is just and it is yours.' They were great expressive leaders, able to use their own anger to give others dignity and self-confidence. The message may seem banal, is quickly forgotten once equality becomes the natural assumption, and strategically it led nowhere in particular. But it was a case of the hedgehog learning one big thing. Driving around quite remote country districts in South Africa last summer I was given the black power salute by little black boys of eight and ten years old at the roadside. Steve Biko and the black consciousness militants have changed South Africa all right. Biko's death in detention shut the stable door long after the horse had bolted.

Valentine Cunningham

Baboo

The Bachelor of Arts, The Dark Room and **The English Teacher** by R. K. NARAYAN
Heinemann £4.95, £4.50, £4.50

We still need reminding, it seems, that MacSpaunday wasn't the only poet of the 1930s, and that there were other novelists then notably establishing themselves besides Greene, Waugh, Powell and Isherwood. Recent reissues of early Henry Green, of James Hanley, and now of R. K. Narayan have prevented our literary maps from gaping so absent-mindedly. Heinemann are to be thanked for showing us again in these three superb fictions Narayan's map of late British India.

For Narayan is an arrestingly acute cartographer of his town of Malgudi – its Lawley Extension, its Welcome Restaurant, its Palace Talkies and Select Picture House – as he traces his characters' urban odysseys in the footsteps of colonialism: Racecourse Road, Fort Area, the Albert Mission College. Introducing *The Bachelor of Arts*, Graham Greene, who first got Narayan published, adroitly links his own early novels' feel for streets with Narayan's Malgudi. He was writing *It's A Battlefield*, 'struggling . . . to follow the movements of my characters through the streets of Battersea and Bloomsbury and along the reach of Euston Road', when an Indian friend gave him the much-rejected manuscript of *Swami and Friends.* And just as a nation, a time, is amplifyingly cited in Greene's urban Britain, so in Malgudi is India revealed, from the smallest measures of dill or coriander that Narayan's families – belly obsessives, tiffin addicts, coffee soaks – are always haggling over, to its hugely expansive distances.

Most obviously, Narayan's India is trying to come to terms with English. The burden of European literature is knowingly born: Ramani of *The Dark Room* presses his ties between Byron's *Complete Works* and a volume of the *Encyclopedia Britannica.* Krishna, *The English Teacher* himself, conscious of Indian languages and Principal Brown's ignorance of them, is finally driven to ditch his scramble to impose English literature on the young – 'the dead mutton of literary analysis' and 'critical notes'. 'I was merely a man who had mugged earlier than they the introduction and the notes in the Verity edition of *Lear*'. The rejection isn't, though, simplistic. A pupil may laud him ('the national regeneration is in his hands'), but Krishna knows his case reads 'like a rehash of an article entitled "Problems

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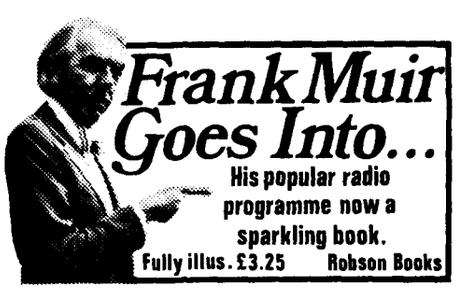
of Higher Education", which appeared again and again in a weekend educational supplement'. Nor are Narayan's worries glumly entertained. Alert to baboo (he even calls a character Babu) he makes laughs of its awful possibilities, especially in his most joyously comic novel *The Bachelor of Arts*. Sublimely unaware of the bathos continually on their lips, the students of Albert College and their Indian professors are delighting adverts against the hubris of cultural imperialism. Professor Gajapathi, who 'asserted that there were serious errors even in Fowler's *Modern English Usage*' ('No doubt Bradley and others had done a certain amount of research in Shakespeare, but one couldn't accept all that they said as gospel truth'); Mohan, local reporter paid by the inch ('those rascals, mad fellows. Sometimes they cut everything that I send'): these were put there before Peter Sellers, and they're just as amusing.

Amusing, but tragic too, because Narayan's India is trapped: caught between a perverting Westernism and a fragmented Indianness, between gods ancient and modern. The old ways are granted their consolations, particularly in *The English Teacher*, a novel much affected by the death of Narayan's wife (it's dedicated to her) and offering the comfort of mediumistic contact to the widowed Krishna. But it's also allowed that holy men are filthy scroungers and far too numerous: 'we simply can't afford to pay', Chandran is told during a spell as wandering *sanyasi*, 'for all the astrology that is available'. Just so, novel cults like communism get wrily scrutinised. Has Veeraswami – Chandran and Mohan speculate – recruited his million government overthrowers yet, or has he merely a lucrative job as police informer? Socialist Realism earns an acidulated twist in Mohan's theory of Callous Realism. As for Mrs Shanta Bai, the liberated lady who in *The Dark Room* lures Ramani from his wife: she's shown up for a nasty piece of goods. And yet, *The Dark Room* is also a strong plea for a new freedom for women.

Narayan does not, I think, condone contradictions because he's short on a resolving will. True, there is some mere formlessness about his plots. When he began *Swami and Friends* he did not know – like Dickens, who 'thought of Mr Pickwick' – what would happen next. *The Bachelor of Arts* is a very loosely hung group of *nouvelles*. And so on. But the unendingness of these people's fates, the irresolutions their author has in store for them, constitute the most moving aspect of his India. Krishna communes with his dead wife, but nothing can rinse clean the novel's abhorrent relation of her ordeal by insects in a lavatory and her slow death from typhoid. Savitri is saved from suicide, but she's still locked in the dark cubicle of caste, custom, and husbandly caprice. Novels like these are truthful precisely because they refuse a naïve answer to the continent-sized issues they embrace.



Philip French

Outdoorsman

Coming into the Country by JOHN MCPHEE
Hamish Hamilton £6.95

There is a famous *New Yorker* cover by Saul Steinberg depicting the way a typical Manhattan chauvinist sees the rest of the world, looking West from 9th Avenue. After an immensely detailed couple of New York blocks, there's the Hudson river, a thin brown strip for New Jersey, and a vague green rectangle representing the rest of America, with Texas tentatively located on the left and Canada up to the right. Then comes the Pacific, and across its wan expanse an amorphous China and Japan. Alaska is nowhere to be seen, the clear implication being that it doesn't figure in the local cosmography. This, however, has been radically changed by John McPhee's *Coming into the Country*, the surprise American non-fiction success of the past year and the biggest best-seller extracted from the *New Yorker* since Truman Capote's *In Cold Blood*.

McPhee is an accomplished reporter, the magazine's leading outdoorsman (if outdoors sometimes means no more than watching Arthur Ashe play tennis) and the popularity of his book derives from two national preoccupations. The first is the continuing one with conservation, the second with the more gruelling aspects of vacations in American national parklands, where the middle classes attempt to recapture the pioneering spirit of their idealised ancestors. It is an up-market equivalent of a recent pair of artless low-budget movies that have made their producer rich: in *The Wilderness Family* some city folk give up everything to live cheek by jowl with nature in the Rockies; in *Shipwrecked* a father and his children make an idyllic Robinson Crusoe life for themselves when they're cast ashore off the Alaskan coast.

McPhee's 450-page report on contemporary Alaska is artfully divided up into three sections. The first book, 'The Northern Tree Line' is an account of a hazardous trip the author made into the uninhabited (except for a few Eskimo) far north in the company of four professional conservationists. It's like Hemingway without the machismo, *Deliverance* without the melodrama, *Why Are We In Vietnam?* without the scatology. We learn that chewing the dorsal fins of graylings can cure headaches, that fried cranberries in seal oil are good for the gall bladder, that the best thing to do when confronted with a bear is to walk backwards saying 'Shoo'. Never camp on a bear trail, by the way, as one visiting journalist did. 'A bear removed the writer from the tent, ate him, and left nothing but the pencil.'

More importantly, we discover that for all its spacious 375 million acres (roughly a sixth of the whole United States) very few people can afford to get into the true wilderness, for which you need to hire a plane. And that includes the less affluent majority in Anchorage, where half the state's 400,000 inhabitants live.

The second book, 'In Urban Alaska', focuses on the search for a new state capital, with McPhee accompanying the official site-seeking committee as it flies around inspecting likely places. This allows him to paint a singularly unattractive picture of the rain-soaked Juneau, the misplaced, largely inaccessible present capital, where legislators have special rails to cling to as they make their way from hotel to capitol through the raging winds. His description of Anchorage is, if anything, even more depressing. The leading lights of this sprawling shanty-town care little for conservation, everything for growth and exploitation, and want their city to be the capital. And as McPhee says:

> There are those who would say the only proper place for a new capital of Alaska – if there is to be a new one – is Anchorage, because anyone who has built a city like Anchorage should not be permitted to build one anywhere else.

The hero of this section is Willie Hensley, an outstanding Eskimo politician-lawyer, who was educated first by Quaker missionaries from Whittier and then at a Baptist college in Tennessee. Willie has a pawky sense of humour: flying over a lake in Southern Alaska one day he proposed it as the perfect capital site to his fellow committee members – the place was called 'Bulchitna'.

The last section of the book accounts for more than half its length, and is about McPhee's sojourn in the backwoods of the upper Yukon near the Canadian border. This is known locally as 'the country' and a stranger arriving there is spoken of as having 'come into the country'. The doughty local residents are a curious collection of outsiders, loners, entrepreneurs, Thoreauesque idealists and searchers after the last frontier. They represent that anti-social aspect of American pioneer life which is often forgotten by those bent on celebrating its warmth, mutual aid and community spirit. 'The town is divided between outlaws and do-gooders', says one morose citizen of Eagle, the little community McPhee lived in. Of one couple recently arrived to start a new life among simple country folk, a neighbour remarks to McPhee:

> They serve gourmet meals. No one in Eagle will ever appreciate that. None of us slobs will notice. She's a Ph.D. Between her and this town there's a sociocultural gap.

The hostility to the rest of America – invariably referred to as 'The Lower Forty-eight' – is even more intense in 'the country' than around Anchorage. As chill as the Arctic air, for instance, is this remark of one local lady, concluding a diatribe against conservation magazines: 'I see a lot of women writing these articles. Seems kind of strange.' On the back of her car is an obscurely aggressive bumper-sticker, expressing the philosophy of the wolf-hunting faction (to which the Sierra Club is opposed), that reads 'EAT MOOSE – 10,000 WOLVES CAN'T BE WRONG'.

McPhee regards the Alaskans with a tolerant eye, allowing us to draw our own conclusions. But this final part is too long and meandering, and is indicative of the vices that accompany the virtues of *New Yorker* reporting under its present editor William Shawn. The magazine's founder Harold Ross edited the magazine tightly. Its profiles and articles were tough, self-consciously sophisticated and highly opinionated, and rarely ran to more than six or seven thousand words.

Under Ross's successor, the pieces have become longer, more benign, often without any strong viewpoint, other than a fascination

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with a subject and desire to interest the reader in it. Articles can wend their way between the canyon walls of advertisements for column after column, week after week, like some interminable river. For all the fascinating material he has dug up and the grace with which he writes, McPhee bears us along for further than we wish to go. Long before the end of *Coming into the Country* many readers will feel like pulling into the side and lighting out for some different territory.

Mervyn Jones

Indian File

India: Population, Economy, Society by R. H. CASSEN *Macmillan* £10
Indira's India by S. NIHAL SINGH *Nachiketa Publications* £3.50

Writing this review while preparing to set off for India for the fifth time in my life, I'm more conscious than usual of the attitudes towards that extraordinary country taken by many people I know. They don't understand why I want to go there, apart from the temperature and possibly the art; they know that they would simply find it depressing. It's a place where people slept in the streets 50 years ago and continue to sleep in the streets. The lack of visible improvement in the condition of India convinces them that the outlook is hope less. And indeed, if 'hope' is to be interpreted as an early prospect that India will somehow be transformed, they are probably right.

I'd like them to read Mr Cassen's book, just because it is free from illusions or rhetoric and stresses the magnitude of India's problems. They will perhaps recall that, when the 'population explosion' first became a fashionable subject 25 years ago, it was confidently predicted that India would be submerged by devastating famine well before reaching its present population of 580 million. They will see that for India to have remained united, remained (with a startling interregnum) a democracy, solidified its industrial base, and increased its food production enough to dispense with imports – that all this represents a fair achievement.

People who regard India with sympathy, are fascinated by it as I am, and think they know something about it should read this book too. It's written with clarity, with grace, sometimes with humour, and with the rare talent – I speak as a statistic-hater – of integrating a mass of statistics with a reasoned argument. Mr Cassen is primarily a population expert, but he writes informatively about health and disease, farming, industry, caste and religion, and even the prospects of revolution. He is well aware that the purpose of raising a question is not to supply a pat answer but to set out the relevant considerations, and so he illuminates every question that he does raise. From now on, I should say, an informed discussion of India is a discussion among people who have read Cassen.

He starts by showing how European countries disproved Malthus (or the initial and unrefined Malthusian prediction) by reaching what's called the demographic transition – a levelling-off of rapid population increase. Slowing the rate is one thing, clearly, and achieving a static population is quite another. This country was aided in making the transition by rising living standards, a steady spread of contraception from 1870 onward, an unbroken reduction in fertility, and (a factor that Mr Cassen omits) considerable emigration of young men and women. Yet Britain's population has only just ceased to grow. On the most favourable assumptions, the population of India cannot possibly stop growing until the year 2100. Its rate of increase today, at 2.2 per cent per annum, isn't the highest in the world but is well above the 1.5 per cent in the Britain that Malthus knew. Worse still, India is not experiencing the classical features of a period leading to the transition, which are growing material comfort, mass education and urbanisation – the irresistible drift into Indian cities is one of the myths that Mr Cassen demolishes. We can't expect India, therefore, to make the transition in the European way. It may be made, however, in an Indian way. What is this way? That is impossible to summarise – read the book.

Writing about contraception campaigns, Mr Cassen sees that the main obstacle, in a poor country without pensions, is that parents rely on children for support in old age. As an Indian writer pointed out recently, a peasant – certainly a landless labourer – without children ends his days as a beggar. The disheartening fact is that many parents, because the children are poor and have children of their own, don't get the support. An intricate calculation leads Mr Cassen to conclude that they'd do better to avoid getting into debt, save the money required to bring up young children, and invest it in the savings bank. Of this they are unlikely to be convinced.

Mr Cassen has a vigorously written chapter on the forced sterilisation drive of 1976-7, which he views as an utter disaster likely to prejudice the cause of voluntary contraception for years to come. So one would suppose; but early in 1978 a sociologist with a project in a village near Delhi, where the drive was at its fiercest, told me that this wasn't happening. India is always a surprising country. Insight into the political scene throughout the rise and fall (and rise?) of Indira Gandhi can be gained from Nihal Singh's book; he is among the soundest and wisest of Indian political journalists and this is a collection of his articles in the Calcutta *Statesman*. Among those who should read it, as well as the categories mentioned earlier, are people who imagine that Indian prose is stilted and pompous or that it mishandles the English language.

Reprinting topical articles without revision is a risky venture, but Nihal Singh was right most of the time. (Annoyingly, the articles are not dated and one has to work out from the content exactly when each was written.) It's interesting to trace his informed view from the day in 1977 when Mrs Gandhi astonishingly called a general election. At first, he sees a victory for the power-holders as certain – so did Mrs Gandhi, obviously – and dismisses as 'euphoric' the idea 'that public resentment of the last 19 months' events runs deep and will make itself felt at the poll'. A fortnight before the voting, he discerns an 'anti-Congress wave' and tells his readers: 'Present indications suggest that the Congress is hovering around a bare majority.' The sweeping Janata victory surprises him, but he soon grasps its conservative as well as its pseudo-revolutionary aspect: 'It is indeed remarkable how Janata is slipping into the old Congress ways.' Three months later, he notes 'a measure of disillusionment'. A few more months, and he warns: 'If the Janata governments at the Centre and in the States do not get down to the task of governing with seriousness of purpose, more and more people will begin to find virtues in the Emergency.'

Nihal Singh has said consistently – except during the Emergency, when his column couldn't appear and he could only think it – that he is appalled by Mrs Gandhi's unscrupulousness and lack of principle. He also says time and again that she is an unrivalled tactician. As we know, she is continuing to prove herself so. Up to the last article in this collection (early 1978) Nihal Singh was discounting the chances of her return to power and telling her that she would do better to emulate De Gaulle, who kept quiet until the people turned to him. I must find out whether Nihal Singh still thinks that.

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The Rev. A. M. Dutton is a Staffordshire man born 1910, entered St. Aidan's College, Birkenhead and was ordained by the Bishop of Sheffield in 1939. He has served in several country parishes. He was editor of "The Leicester Diocesan Leaflet" in 1947. He became Headmaster of St. Chad's School, Wellington, Shropshire.

Mr Dutton retired through heart trouble in 1963 and since then has been writer, broadcaster and author of several books. He lives now quietly in the country. His main interests are astronomy, archaeology and music.

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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Julian Barnes

But Seriously

I've always cherished the story of Jean-Luc Godard's visit a few years ago to the National Film Theatre. His lecture had been arranged for some time; the hall was packed with bounding cinephiles; and Godard cutely failed to turn up. But at the last minute he sent a telegram saying (in so many words), 'Go out into the street and stop the first man you see: he will be able to tell you as much about the cinema as I can.' The audience, who would have pushed Godard all the way from Paris in a bath-chair if that had been his whim, were charmed by this demonstration of austere modesty, populism and minimalism, and greeted the reading of his telegram with applause. All except for one man, who shouted loudly and simply, 'Sod the Frogs.'

The temptation to shout one's own version of Sod the Frogs at a range of French film-makers and film buffs endures. It's largely because of the French, it seems, that we take 'the cinema' – they used to be called films – as seriously as we do now. The French have been draping clothes on nude emperors for years in their critical magazines; they started, for example, the elevation of Hitchcock from decent (if usually implausible) entertainer into a cineast supposedly capable of shouldering the full responsibilities of art. British cinephiles, with no home tradition for the last 20 years, have been particularly susceptible to Gallic piss. So the omens for *Getting Away With Murder* (BBC-1), a portrait of Claude Chabrol including 'scenes from his autobiographical writings' and starring himself and his family – with his son playing the young Claude –weren't so good. It was, therefore, the week's heartening surprise when, despite a crass English interviewer and the ostentatious silence of Mme Chabrol – Stéphane Audran, a chip off some old iceberg, offering that much-lauded bone structure to the camera but nothing more, certainly no words – the programme (cleverly shot Chabrol-style in parts) proved both smart and funny.

The main reason for this was Chabrol himself: a roly-poly figure with an owlish face and huge spectacles, he travelled on charm and a puckish intelligence, fuelled by a ripe but evasive sense of irony. He obviously meant part – sometimes all – of what he said, but you certainly weren't going to be allowed the lazy privilege of finding out on first acquaintance just what the correct alloy was. 'I love seeing blood in films . . . But most of all I like to see it in bourgeois homes,' he chuckled from the comfort of his own charmingly bourgeois home. 'I myself am monogamous, but not by principle – by laziness'; 'The bourgeoisie adore to suffer death . . . if there were no deaths, the family would disappear'; 'I never knew why exactly, but I always liked seeing people killing other people.' The only theory he offered about his films was the modest, sensible notion that the cinema is a way of putting several points of view at the same time. 'Eef you say, "Murder ees bad", I say, "Don' be so sure". Eef you say, "A man ees a monster", I say, "Don' count on it".' At the end of the interview you were left with the sense of a man who knew precisely the ambitions and limitations of his work, and who was completely at ease with what he persuaded you – simply by not trying – to call his art.

Whereas Woody Allen, interviewed by Melvyn Bragg on *The South Bank Show* (LWT), was all too twitchily out of touch with his own ambitions, and all too enthusiastically in touch with his limitations. Talking about his new film, *Interiors*, he was zealously self-deprecating, a devil's advocate who'd already fixed the foreman of the jury. 'This is a very pretentious, solemn, slow film'; 'I was interested in making philosophical points which interested me – low-grade philosophical points'; his film contained 'bad Eugene O'Neill, bad Strindberg, bad Bergman . . . second-rate Chekhov'; 'It's about something, at least it attempts to be about something, that's worthwhile'. Such comments were offered with an earnest, dandruffy sincerity which protested more than was necessary.

From the evidence of this interview Allen (as we shall henceforth be bidden to call him – none of that 'Woody' stuff), a serious and intelligent funny man is a lightweight and trite serious man. He looks no different in a serious interview – the same lumberjack shirt and sneakers, the same swot's specs and worrier's bald patch; it's just that the 'thoughts' (often no more than cultural fretting) which elsewhere could be teased into parody by a simple Allen smile are now laid out for us as 'ideas' which, well, he, however modestly and inadequately, has, well, really, had. The absence of that smile turns Allen into a college student, with copies of *The House of Life* and Auerbach and Praz under his arm. He told us about lunching with Groucho Marx, and how he gradually came to the realisation that the comic was really just an old man like his own Jewish uncle in the Bronx – except for his fame: but the point was, you see, that all Groucho's fame hadn't saved him from mortality; nor had it saved him from botching up relationships. This insight – dubbed by Allen 'the fallacy of artistic achievement' – took quite some time to put across.

And when it came to discussing *Interiors*, Allen didn't inspire much confidence. He talked naïvely of 'creating ambiguity and ambivalence' in the film, because he admired such qualities in Bergman and Kafka; the idea that complicated artists might actually be simplifying in order to reach the point at which they nevertheless still seem complicated to us didn't appear to have struck him: ambiguity must be an additive, not an essence. Asked to explain his liking for Bergman, he offered: 'He's able to deal with very deep human matters'; asked about the similarities between *Interiors* and Bergman, he offered: 'It's a film about women, which has been a very big theme of his.' Bragg, not to put too fine a point on it, might have pressed the sneakered cineast a little harder at times like this. By the end of the interview, Allen's charming disclaimers – 'I do think that it's a respectable failure . . . I do think it shows some ability to work in that style' – had come to sound like rousing arrogance.

Tom Bower's report in *Panorama* (BBC-1) on the activities of the West German *Verfassungschutz* (Office for the Protection of the Constitution) and the workings of the loyalty test didn't exactly answer its opening question – How to be democratic in defending democracy? – but it produced some unwaveringly grim evidence of the wrong ways to go about defending it. If the Baader-Meinhof gang did the orthodox German Left no favours, Rudi Dutschke's line about 'the long march through the institutions' has encouraged in its turn a nasty bureaucractic backlash. The plausible legislation requiring state employees to be vetted for loyalty to the constitution has produced McCarthyite consequences: records of two million citizens held on file by the V-men (though the number of active terrorists is put at 200); photographic files on all political demonstrators; the firing of teachers with exemplary records and against whom no complaints have been made; the sacking of a theatre management by the Frankfurt city authorities for 'deliberately indoctrinating' young people by staging Brecht.

What gradually became clear from Bower's diligent film, was that the powers voted during the Baader-Meinhof emergency are now being used as part of a drive against liberalism

Peter Porter

Returning

Nobody feels well after his fortieth birthday
But the convalescence is touched by glory
So that history's truculent deeds of hate
Are lived through in dreams, the story
Followed to the investigator's hut, pain seen
Through a window on its knees, late
Help lost over marram dunes or never
Felt at the deliverance on a screen.

Marvellous means of escaping time and time's
Chosen people: sleep on the knowledge of
God's monsters! The school of love and crimes
Is open every night and the sedentary
Heir to men of action dashes off
A sonnet before execution. What you see
Is coiled in an uneventful past, rough
Justice of the body's failures, a commentary.

Yet never daring enough, even those hours
Where the timid rule of truth relents
And every written word is without sense
As in some ultimate avant-gardish shape –
The apostle of plain dullness has powers
Of arrest and will use them: nightmares
Are prized categories too, a southern rape
Police Court Gothic, with a classic tense.

It is time to recompose the face
Into a serious map, the children now
Envied creatures across a room, the case
Being settled for the present. Home is
The veteran of the adjectival run,
His images intact. He has learned how
To live another day and wakes, ringed
By the golden wallpaper of the sun.

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generally. If that sounds vague, the practical effects can be seen on the street: passers-by are now much less willing to sign Amnesty International petitions since it was discovered that the names of signatories of an earlier petition had ended up on the state security police's computer. The roughest irony of all is that there are former Nazis among the judiciary who are now deciding who may or may not be held to be a loyal democrat. If the sophistries of some of the dismissed communists left one less than sympathetic, the sound of those who preen themselves on defending German democracy was nastier. Peter Peterson, a Kiesinger-style Christian Democrat, was asked about the sacking of Hans Apel, a communist teacher. Did he offer evidence of Apel's subversive activities in the schoolroom? Indicate terrorist connections? He merely replied contemptuously, 'To be a communist in Berlin – he must be nuts, and I don't want anyone who is nuts to teach my kids.' The fact that the 'security' measures have general public support could be attributed to ignorance of their wider effects; queasily, though, one felt that a more probable reason is the horrible Teutonic taste for authoritarian government.

Records

Charles Fox

Comic Strip

Billy Bennett: 'Almost A Gentleman' *Topic* £3.75
Vivian Stanshall: 'Sir Henry At Rawlinson End' *Charisma* £3.99
Billy Connolly: 'Raw Meat For The Balcony' *Polydor* £3.95
Derek and Clive: 'Ad Nauseam' *Virgin* £4.69
Lenny Bruce: 'At Carnegie Hall' *United Artists* (3 LPs) £9.99

'Mr Bennett came on as Hamlet but came off as omelette': proof that the more outrageous a pun is the better. Proof, too, that the best way of surviving for nearly half a century on record, traditionally a cemetery for comedians, is to have a taste for concision, a sharp way with words. Billy Bennett had. And despite being born in Glasgow, he also had what is often thought of as a particularly English streak, a taste for nonsense, for the kind of logic which allows a thousand non sequiturs to flower.

Touring the variety halls of the 1920s and 1930s, he cultivated a lumpish gentility, confirming his billing as 'Almost a Gentleman'. There was the oily black quiff, those too-short trousers, that frock-coat worn with brown hobnail boots, the egg-stained dickey flapping above his waistcoat. To which could be added, as James Agate pointed out in his obituary when Bennett died in 1942, 'the continual perspiration which was the outward and visible sign of a mind struggling for expression'.

All the odder that Billy Bennett should have been (as Arthur Marshall revealed only the other week) Queen Mary's favourite comedian. No doubt he did the same act for the royals as for the proles, declaiming – always declaiming – those monologues which parodied the rhythms of Newbolt or Kipling ('There's a cock-eyed yellow poodle to the north of Goona Pooch/There's a little hot cross bun that's turning green'), dragging in catch-phrases ('Come on Steve') or the 1930s equivalents of today's TV commercials (Mazawatee, Mr Drage and Everyman, 'That Kruschen feeling').

Will Viv Stanshall, erstwhile vocalist with the Bonzo Dog Band, now a would-be comic pasticheur, last half so well? *Sir Henry At Rawlinson's End* is about as literary as a comedy LP can be, designed to work like a radio play, with Stanshall's marinaded voice fleshing out all the characters. At first one baulks. The over-writing suggests Durrell set in Shropshire or Wodehouse revamped by Mervyn Peake, plus garnishings of Stella Gibbons ('I've filled the grave in nice,' says Old Scrotum, the wrinkled retainer), even of Sitwell with the DTs ('English as tuppence . . . armoured and effete, lotus-fed, Miss Havishambling oxymath and eremite'). Apothegms get thrown off constantly, by the encyclopedic, cricket-playing Reg Smeaton ('Did you know there is no proper name for the back of the knees?') as well as by Sir Henry himself ('After-life, after-shave, don't hold with any of it'). Lolloping music underlines the bucolic stance (Stanshall has a go on banjolele, phonofiddle, euphonium and other assorted instruments as well as simply singing).

Billy Bennett's act was reputed to be blueish – Stilton, one suspects, rather than Gorgonzola – although nothing improper crept on to his records. Stanshall's taste is for gothic improbability (Humbert, who had a Roman clockface tattooed about his private parts, would, in summer, 'throw himself naked on the lawn . . . think about Jean Harlow hard and from the shadow cast tell the time with remarkable accuracy'). Fantastical, too, are the imaginings – at their best, anyway – of Derek and Clive, those unsavoury alter egos of Dudley Moore and Peter Cook. But those mostly turned up on earlier LPs (one had them sighting light aircraft in Joan Crawford's most intimate cavities, like Donne reporting on his Newfoundland). *Ad Nauseam*, alas, lives up to its title. Too little surrealism, too much bawling of four-letter words: an LP suitable for people who buy whoopee cushions and find farting contests funny.

If Derek and Clive give voice to the reveries of cab-drivers in dirty macs, Billy Connolly celebrates a tribal bawdiness. His gusto even seduces outsiders into accepting the disgusting bits (mostly to do with excrement). There are pickings, too, for the sociologically-minded. Is there really such a demand for Bovril at Celtic-Rangers matches? Can that Saturday night diet be authentic ('Thirteen pints of Guinness, two curries, four boiled eggs and a bean sandwich')? The danger for comedians like Connolly is of ending up as kilted Uncle Toms (Sir Harry Lauder stands as an awful warning). At least the Sassenachs in Connolly's audience – the LP was recorded at London's Rainbow Theatre a couple of years ago – seem to have kept their end up.

Finally, the man hailed in his lifetime as the sickest and dirtiest comic of all. Yet during his 105 minutes onstage at Carnegie Hall, Lenny Bruce came up with only a single hard-core, four-letter word (unless you count frig and tits). If anything, the image that comes across is of a do-gooder, totting up the number of pill-heads in America, speculating upon whether 16mm. porno movies erode morals more than *Psycho* did, wondering what will happen if no minority group is around to be clobbered when the Puerto Ricans make it ('If the Venusians don't come, we're screwed!').

By this time Bruce took pride in being able to hold an audience by chatting to them, rather than doing comic routines. Nevertheless, nothing on any of these LPs is funnier than the description of Christ and Moses turning up at St Patrick's Cathedral in New York ('We're up to our ass in crutches and wheel-chairs,' moans the Bishop). Funny, but biting too. A year or two later and Bruce's act was getting cluttered up by his paranoid response to the American legal system. But on that night in February 1961 (the concert started at midnight in a freezing New York) he was mixing hip and Yiddish idioms in a way that – nearly 18 years later – still mesmerises the listener. Billy Bennett, not so charismatic but even more of a wordsmith, could have provided the ideal exit-line: 'Honi soit qui Wolsey pants.'

Rock Music

Mark Kidel

Black is Black

Muddy Waters and Eric Clapton *Hammersmith Odeon*

Back in the pimpled days of the British R&B boom, Muddy Waters was *the* man, the purveyor of Hoochie Coochie energy – mojo power. The sexual feelings expressed so blatantly in his unique brand of lazy electric blues – the marriage of an untouched cry from the Mississippi Delta with the raw force of Chicago's Southside ghetto – made the much-vaunted carnal qualities of Elvis and his rock'n'roll heirs look very pale indeed. Muddy was a source of inspiration to most of the best rock musicians of the Sixties, so it was ironical that he should be playing support to Eric Clapton at the Hammersmith Odeon last week. A guest of honour and an acknowledgment to rock's R&B roots – but still just a warm-up for the white superstar.

There may be a moral in there somewhere: Muddy belongs to a generation of black Americans that was never proud enough to be beautiful, and he is content to be appreciated, reassured by the status that white approval has given to the devil's music. It is the level of album sales that determines who goes top of the bill, and the pure unadulterated blues has never hit the charts. Chess, Muddy's former record company, had a go in the late Sixties, when they released *Electric Mud*, an atrocious distortion of his art manufactured to cash in on the frenzy of acid rock. Muddy was presumably too innocent to gauge the horror of it all, and the album shot straight into the bargain bins; it was not until white blues guitarist Johnny Winter produced him on a couple of brilliant albums on the Blue Sky label (*Hard Again* and *I'm Ready*) that he regained his earlier form. The 'new' recordings won wide-

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spread critical approval, but they were not particularly popular, R&B being, for all its influence, very much a minority taste.

It was brave of Eric Clapton to put Muddy on first, as the old bluesman, now well over 60, pushes out more energy than a large team of punk bands on speed, with a staggering economy of means and deceptive reserve. Muddy Waters's powerful but understated style is closely related to its origins in his native Mississippi Delta, most particularly to the low-key burning mood of Robert Johnson, the legend that American critic Greil Marcus has credited with the first true expression of the spirit behind rock'n'roll. It is music concerned with anguish and frustration, but also a means for transmuting them into something close to ecstasy. It is an affirmation – perhaps a little unsteady, given its emphatic quality and a reliance on the paraphernalia of voodoo – of sexual power and machismo, naïve and primitive, a descent into regions that white culture had very carefully avoided for many hundreds of years.

This was certainly one of the reasons that musicians like Eric Clapton were drawn to the blues in the first place: they were not just attracted by the musical form. With Cream, Clapton transformed the blues into something more sophisticated and ornate, its power drawn now from sheer attack rather than understatement. Along with Duane Allman, Ry Cooder, Lowell George and perhaps George Thorogood, he has always been one of the very best white blues guitarists, forever returning (as he did in the Hammersmith concert) to blues classics like Big Bill Broonzy's *Key To The Highway*. His technique is flawless, and he is sensitive enough a musician to do more than play brilliantly through classic blues runs. But as the juxtaposition with Muddy Waters demonstrated, he has to rely to some extent on flashy pyrotechnics and excessive volume to make his point. He is perhaps at his very best when furthest away from the blues, exploiting a lyrical side that saw its summit in the recorded version of *Layla*, made eight years ago with the late Duane Allman.

Clapton's depleted band (having recently lost guitarist George Terry and vocalist Marci Levy) cannot easily carry the weight of the more rock-orientated material, and the concert version of *Layla*, for all the audience hysteria, was a very sad shadow of its former self. He did best on the less exuberant blues numbers, inspired, or chastened perhaps, by Muddy Waters's example.

Theatre

Benedict Nightingale

Something Nastier

Wheelchair Willie *Royal Court*
Under the Greenwood Tree *Vaudeville*

When Alan Brown presented what's now the first half of his *Wheelchair Willie* in Edinburgh a couple of years ago, the more bohemian reviewers applauded him for goosing the bourgeoisie and cocking hoodlum snooks at its canons of good taste. Now that he has added a second half they will find it difficult to bless his little cotton socks with quite such condescension. The worst that occurred in the original was that a blithe, uncomplaining cripple had his tongue cut out – I am glad to say offstage – by a TV repairman who had taken an inexplicable dislike to him. But in the sequel this young thug goes on to marry Willie's sister, causes her to miscarry by thumping her pregnant stomach, and is thereupon castrated by her mother, who has herself just murdered her daughter's baby – I am sorry to say onstage – by aiming a blazing blowlamp into its pram. Take the brutishness on display in Edward Bond's *Saved*, double or triple it, then rejig the result in the approximate style of the late Joe Orton, and you'll be left with some rough idea of the blood-count of Mr Brown's London debut.

'Just like the good old days' was the dryly nostalgic comment of a friend who once regularly reviewed the Court for a rival rag; and one could see what she meant. The scabrous glee of the play's surface can't disguise its true spiritual source, which is the sociological research and publication unit the theatre has long harboured upstairs. In fact, it might be yet another report from that in-house working party which the management deputed years ago to investigate the rectal regions of the welfare state. When the evening's nastiest atrocities occur, the man-of-the-house is on the dole and the family is living at the very top of a deserted tower-block that the local council finds too expensive to demolish. 'Vandals and hooligans,' moans Willie's mum. 'Broken windows. Wild cats, mad dogs. Child molesters doing their business in the lifts.' The main link with the outside world is a TV set, which waffles silently away in the corner, titillating would-be consumers with slyly-flashed tat they have neither the loot nor the energy to acquire. Yes, indeed: we have been here or hereabouts often before.

Even those characters whose arms and legs still move are, of course, emotional paraplegics, people whose sensibilities have been mutilated or even destroyed. 'He's always getting into mischief,' shrugs his mother after Willie has been brought home with a paper bag over his head and his tongue in a tiny parcel. 'Oh my God, she'll lose her family allowance', shrieks a visitor after the same frazzled hag has carbonised her grandchild. Joe Orton patented this brand of bleak joke, the one that consists of a torrid statement or awful event immediately followed by a line that wildly under-reacts to it. 'Take care not to break his arms or legs,' a character in *What the Butler Saw* tells the young man who is restraining her supposedly mad husband. And why not? 'It makes the task of adjusting the straitjacket doubly difficult.' Mr Brown's funny-perverse contrasts, his juxtapositions of the painful and the numb, are even more marked, more extreme than that.

Whether they have more satiric impact is, however, rather doubtful. Mr Brown's dramatic theory seems to be that he can sicken an audience into sharing his social indignation. The more numerous and intense the uglinesses he concocts, the more likely he is to turn our moral stomachs, to the great and obvious benefit of poor suffering humanity. Why not introduce a great-granny and have her enthusiastically eaten alive by her progeny? Only the knotty technical problems involved have, you feel, deterred him from doing so. Well then, why not show two homosexuals honeying in the entrails of a murdered black? Unluckily, Mr Brown has already squandered that bright little idea on one of his short stories and presumably feels he cannot re-use it here. As it is, he loads the play with as many smaller scurrilities as time, space and the exigencies of casting will allow: a kilted Scot lugging his sexual dummy onstage by the pubic hair; a girl visitor playing with the mangled Willie's genitals and then coyly exposing herself to him; vomit, excrement, and plenty of frilly-knickered transvestism. It is all pretty indiscriminate. What is more, it tends to make Mr Brown seem a bit gloating and prurient, not a happy combination.

All the same, one performance does somehow struggle up and out of all the clownish murk and grot, and that is Frances de la Tour's scrawny, defeated mum. In the first half, she's not much more than a nicely turned caricature, drooping and twitching her way across the stage, hands dangling as if her wrists were made of jelly. But by the time she's moved into her high-rise limbo she has aged, withered and shrunk into a sad, haggard slattern with a voice permanently stuck somewhere between a bleat and a wail. It would be difficult to imagine anyone more baffled and helpless, and yet she is instantly recognisable. There are a dozen like her on any dilapidated estate, menopausal before their time, wheeling a sixth or seventh child into the local Tesco in search of the stodge and cigs which will keep their faces grey. Miss de la Tour never persuades you she could burn a baby and immediately afterwards greet an unexpected guest with a vague, amiable 'you're a stranger, aren't you?'. But she leaves you in no doubt of her sorry reality. Indeed, she leaves you feeling sorry *about* her reality; and, given the sardonic and callous smirk which so much of the play invisibly projects, that is quite an achievement.

Under the Greenwood Tree, by Patrick Garland from Hardy, is what one supposes it should be, an affectionate obit for dear defunct Wessex and, specifically, for the string-bands that were ousted from the churches by the organ a century and a half ago. Not much happens, apart from folksy natter and avid supping of 'the best zoider this zoid of Casterbridge'. Dick Dewy, carter's

Among this week's contributors:

PHILIP COLLINS is Professor of English at Leicester University; he is the author of *Dickens and Crime* and *Dickens and Education*.

R. W. JOHNSON is a Fellow in Politics of Magdalen College, Oxford, and author of *How Long Will South Africa Survive?*

GAVIN EWART's most recent collection of verse, *All My Little Ones*, was published last week by Anvil Press.

HERMIONE LEE is the author of *The Novels of Virginia Woolf*.

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son, courts and marries the much-pursued Fancy Day, gamekeeper's daughter. The band pleads for its life with the kind of ra-ra vicar who would nowadays be replacing his organ with electric guitars, and is dramatically expelled from church when it wakes somewhat sozzled after a long sermon and promptly pitches into 'The Dashing White Sergeant'. I hope Mr Garland and his mainly excellent cast won't take it amiss if I say that the audience, too, may have trouble with its eyelids. This is a nice, languid, restful evening, part of whose undoubted charm is that you can take the occasional cat-nap without missing much more than a rew rolls of rustic consonants.

Films

John Coleman

Keystone Coppola

The Rain People (AA) *Gate Two*
Force 10 From Navarone (A) *Odeons, Leicester Square and Marble Arch*

Stand by for a celluloid avalanche next week, a melted Christmas quart – at least – probably in a pint pot. Meanwhile, we have a courageous retrieval of some interest and a commercial rehash of some nerve. Francis Ford Coppola, as those with even shorter memories than mine will recall, made *The Godfather I* and *II*, and – in between – a hard, intelligent piece called *The Conversation*. He can now write his own ticket, and he is still this side of 40, but time was when the going was rougher.

He worked, as so many of today's talents did for a while, with Roger Corman. His first film of substance, which he wrote and directed, was *You're a Big Boy Now* (1967): I see I invoked at that time the currently fashionable presences of both Richard Lester and Godard and, while coming in general to praise, slipped in the usual qualification: 'he and his film seem to be over-excited by the easy new business of recording life on the wing with hidden or half-cloaked cameras.' After which, of course, Hollywood assigned the lad to a thumping musical, *Finian's Rainbow*, at which he made more than a fair fist. Fresh from this biggie, the feisty young Coppola decided to revert to a little one. Back in 1960, while he was yet in college, he had written a story of three deserting housewives, *Echoes*. Waste not, want not, and later on he 'got this very romantic idea' in his head about the actress, Shirley Knight. He was to meet her after that in Venice when *Dutchman* was showing and she crying because someone had been mean to her: he said, 'I'll write you a movie.' Out came his creative writing class draft, *Echoes*, and out of that a script reduced to one scatty and pregnant wife on the run, *The Rain People*.

It was done, accordingly, with Miss Knight very much in mind and bad luck for Coppola, who has held with some resolution down the years since to his notion that it may be one of his favourite movies, that he and the lady saw less than eye to eye when it came to making it: it died a death in the States in 1969 and has hitherto only been seen on TV over here. The period of its issue was also that of *Easy Rider* and for a while thereafter American flicks were to take to the road in an exciting, often random way, criss-crossing the giant, weird continent at the slightest excuse, picking up pain, merriment and benefit from frequently inspired (and inspired by events and incidents on the spot) looks at wayside eccentricities. To this very day, the vroom-vroom of a four-wheeler taking off for nowhere in particular remains a popular overture to a cinematic vehicle: see *Dog Soldiers* next week. Coppola, then, coming early to this scene, may well be right in retaining a certain affection for his travel-log. As a matter of fact, it has two stand-out performances from Shirley Knight, as a schizzy spouse, lapsing now and then into references to herself as 'she', and from James Caan as a zombie ex-college football player with a plate in his head and a pay-off $1,000 in his pocket. Robert Duvall is also fine as a muddled highway-cop.

Natalie (Miss Knight), in flight, picks up 'Killer' Kilgannon (Caan) on the road and, already despairing herself, gets lumbered against her worst instincts with this larger, gentle baby. The closest literary source for what follows is surely one of those odd, wounded Southern novelists like Carson McCullers. Old Killer even has a dreadful line or three about people made of rain, like Nat and him, which definitely came from a campus typewriter and not a bird-brain like his. All ends on limp violence and death, i.e. laziness, but I would just recommend the event for a sequence at a ghastly tourist Reptile Ranch in Nebraska; a cruel 'Simon says ...' game between Nat and Killer before the lady has twigged his befogged innocence; a bad time in a trailer-camp, with the cop Duvall's knowing teenage daughter clearing out in the small hours while dad makes his pass at Nat. Certainly, this is an essential stepping-stone, even a key one, in the heady progress of Mr Coppola's career.

Guy Hamilton's *Force 10 From Navarone*, devised with minimally relieving humour by Robin Chapman, has lots of action: parachuting, explosions, knifings and shootings; also the late Robert Shaw and Edward Fox in the main roles. Yugoslavia, 1943, and sort of son of a gun of Navarone plus a bit of dambusters. Life's too short for mechanical death-dealing of this old-fashioned order: give us, rather, longer art.

Russell Davies is ill.

This English

We embrace the opportunity of nailing a popular misuse: 'light years' is a measurement of distance not time; it doesn't mean 'big years' or 'lots of years'. Similarly, either a thing is 'unique' or it isn't: the word is not subject to modification. We follow with a rogue capital and a gaggle of yob apostrophes. £3 for the first entry, £2 for the others printed. Entries on a postcard.

☐ The two pieces of legislation in question . . . remain unchanged since Queen Victoria nodded her head at them light years ago. **Bernard Keogh** *Irish Times* (E. Corcoran)

☐ *Books of the Times* is so unique, we're surprised we didn't think of it sooner! **Advertisement** *New York Review of Books* (Erwin Klingsberg)

☐ Criticising Mr Silkin for giling [*sic*] his Fiat for the prosecutions . . . *The Times* (Cyril Ray)

☐ Jones, at 37, remains in the word's of the valley's, very much a man's man. *Daily Express* (Eileen Richardson)

☐ The English Speaking Board is extending it's panel of examiners for English . . . **Advertisement** *Guardian* (Jocelyn Rose)

☐ Dr Andries Treurnicht, highpriest of the countries hardline 'Verkramptes' . . . **Bruce Loudon** *Sunday Telegraph* (Leslie J. Noddle)

Weekend Competition

No 2545 **Set by W. Sidesaddle**

Write a sonnet describing your hopes and fears for 1979. The following technical restriction: each rhyme word must be of least four letters, and must be anagrammed into another word (or words) within the same line. That should bring you back to earth after the plum duff. By 5 January.

Result of No 2542 **Set by T. A. Dyer**

We asked for retranslations from the new Chinese edition of Shakespeare.

Report **by Fat Jeff**

My, how we spoil you all. Don't we just? Five of you out there will by now be splashing your way through the free Bisquit Cognac we awarded last week; and there are still some more bottles of it to come (no, none this week, I'm afraid). Early in the new year we shall be announcing another generously endowed comp, to be sponsored by one of London's leading publishers of books costing more than ten quid. Plus which, there are rumblings already that there might, there might *just*, have to be another Comp Party sometime next year, to celebrate the publication of Arthur Marshall's new selection from the comp archives. Of course, things could all go horribly wrong: Spiro might seize the liquor and burn the books (you never can quite tell with Him) and decide not to invite any of you to the knees-up. But for the moment, at least, He seems in sunny mood, and will probably remain so as long as your Christmas bribes are not too mean and tawdry. As for this week: a big Eight to Hamill, and a coroner's the field.

It was a comrade and his lass,
With a hey, and a HI! for Chou En-lai,
That through the poppied corn did pass,
Peking time, wall-posters we must bring time,
Our orders are to sing Hail! Teng Hsiao-ping,
No time for games of – thing.

Now we get extra pork and rice,
With a boo! and a POW! for Lin Piao
And Madame Mao's foul gang of lice,
Whose sting time, and cultural right-wing time
Just cocked-up everything, so China does a swing,
This time we're Westering.

No longer need the people shy,
With a hey diddle dee, in the new liberty,
Night-soil at good old Peng Teh-huai,
It's Peng time and Teng time and Chairman Hua Kuo-feng time,
The Western journalist, like us will soon get pissed
Off with Sci. Tech., and Eng.

GERRY HAMILL

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HAMLET: I will speak with this worker. Whose grave is this, Comrade?
WORKER: It is not yours, Comrade; since I made it I could say it is mine. However, as everything is held in common, it is nobody's.
HAMLET: If for nobody then for whom is it?
WORKER: A body who was a woman, Comrade, and is now a nobody. She is dead and soon will undergo a chemical change which through the conflict of opposing forces will change her to clay.
HAMLET: How dialectical this worker is, Horatio! We must speak by the thoughts of our new Chairman or we may be dubbed counter-revolutionary. By my ancestors – I mean the Great Marx – Horatio, ever since the Revolution I have noted it. The age is grown so picked that the toe of the worker comes now within kicking distance of the Intellectual's rear orifice.

P. W. R. FOOT

RICHARD II: What must I as Chairman of the People's Republic do? Admit the failings as the posters show? The Chairman shall do that. Must I surrender my office? I shall do that for the good of my country. Must I lose the title of Chairman? That I will do as well, in order to save face. My uniform of state I will exchange for a peasant's robe, my official residence for a peasant's shack, my bemedalled jacket for a plain blue boiler-suit, my ornate cups for wooden bowls, control of this mighty People's Republic for a tiny plot of ground, where I may be laid to rest. Reactionaries have trampled on me all my life – bury me under a people's highway and let them trample on me still.

TED THOMPSON

AMM LET: Did not Alexander revert to his own filth, Ho Reh Shu? Can we not trace his revisionist decline until we find him a hole-bung?
HO REH SHU: Might not this be a curious method of examining him, which might confucius?
AMM LET: No, we must follow the process of his corruption with revolutionary logic. Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander became dust. Here we must make a great leap forward in our logic. Dust is the necessary ingredient of agricultural earth; from true labour on the soil we produce the mud of the people; with such mud all true heroes will fashion hole-bungs for barrels.

Imperialist Caesar dies and becomes the clay
of the masses,
Used to block up the wind that afflicts
the working classes.
Political power goes out of the bung
Of the barrel, as says Mao Tse Tung.

But soft, here comes the king, the arch-spokesman of hegemony, with the corpse of O Fi Lai, whom I earlier advised to get herself to a people's collective, there to engage in conscientious self-criticism.

WILL BELLENGER

FLAVIUS: Back to your communes, you reactionary revisionist jackals. Return to your rice-fields you lick-spitting hyenas of the Gang of Four. Is this another Festival of a Hundred Flowers that you walk the streets without your trade implements? Confess your occupation.
1ST WORKER: A carpenter, Comrade. I do but come to read the wall-posters to see what I must think for today.
FLAVIUS: Then where is your saw?
1ST WORKER: There are many wise new saws on the posters, Comrade.
MARCELLUS: And what is your calling, you anti-revolutionary viper?
2ND WORKER: A binder of little Red Books and the Thoughts of former Chairman Mao. But my world is a state of suspension.

M. K. CHEESEMAN.

Tony Miles

Chess

No 112 **1978 Chess Olympaid**

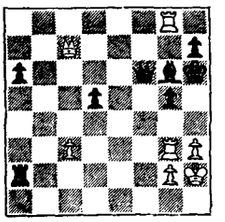
The 1978 Chess Olympiad, held in Buenos Aires, saw the return of the Eastern bloc after their boycott of the Haifa event. As usual the Soviet Union started as favourites, but their team, without Karpov, Tal, Balashov (exhausted) and Korchnoy (escaped) looked rather more vulnerable than normal, and so it turned out. After some early surprises the competition settled into a three horse race between the USSR, Hungary and the USA.

The last round began with the scores Hungary 34, USSR 33½, USA 33 and the pairings set for a dramatic conclusion: Hungary v Yugoslavia, USSR v Holland and USA v Switzerland. On paper the Hungarians looked to have the hardest task but they rose to the occasion and, well before the end of the first playing session, they had scored a 3-1 win. The Russians had already conceded one draw, and when Spassky agreed a second with Timman their challenge was over. It only remained to see if the USA could beat Switzerland 4-0, but this was firmly prevented by a certain V. Korchnoy, and the Hungarians were left with the gold medals.

One of the crucial last round games:

White: Z Ribli (Hungary) **Black: L Ljubojevic (Yugoslavia)**

1.N-KB3, P-Q4; 2.P-KN3, P-QB4; 3.B-N2, N-QB3; 4.P-Q4, P-K3; 5.0-0, N-B3; 6.P-B4, QPxP; 7.Q-R4, B-Q2; 8.QxBP, PxP; 9.NxP, R-B1; 10.N-QB3, NxN; 11.QxN, B-B4; 12.Q-KR4, B-B3; 13.R-Q1, Q-N3; 14.BxBch, RxB; At this point Black's position looks very satisfactory, but White has a surprising coup. **15.B-R6!** Black had overlooked this in more than one way. Had he examined the tournament bulletins carefully he would have found that on the Hungarian board 1, Portisch had already used it to beat Radulov. That game continued 15... PxB; 16.QxN, 0-0; 17. N-K4, Q-N5; 18. Q-K5, B-K2; 19. P-QR3, Q-N3; 20. R-Q7 with a winning advantage. Ljubojevic finds something different, but he too fails to get out of the opening alive. **15... B-B1; 16.R-Q2, P-K4; 17.B-K3, Q-R3; 18.R(1)-Q1, B-K2; 19.Q-N5, 0-0; 20.QxP, B-N5; 21.R-Q8, R-B1; 22.RxR, RxR; 23.Q-Q4, Q-R4; 24.QxP, BxN; 25.PxB, Q-N4; 26.Q-N6, Q-R5; 27.R-Q8ch, RxR; 28.QxRch, N-K1; 29.P-B3, P-R3; 30.K-B2, Q-B3; 31.P-QB4, Q-R5; 32.Q-B8, K-R2; 33.P-B5, Q-N4; 34.P-QR4, QxRP; 35.QxP, Q-B5; 36.Q-K4ch, QxQ; 37.PxQ, P-N4; 38.P-B6, P-B3; 39.B-N6, K-N3; 40.K-K3, K-B2; 41.K-Q4, K-K3; 42.B-Q8, P-N5; 43.P-B7, N-Q3; 44.K-B5, K-Q2; 45.K-Q5, N-N4; 46.P-K5, PxP; 47.KxP, N-B6; 48.P-K4, N-Q8; 49.K-B6 Resigns.**



Problem 112

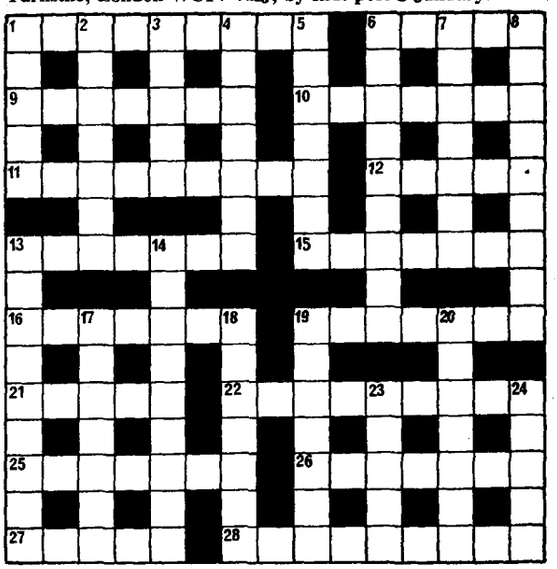
White to play. How should the game go? Answers to me at the NEW STATESMAN postmarked not later than 3 January.

Solution to Problem 110

Yes 1... R-R1ch! 2.K-N5, P-N6! 3.P-N7, R-KB1! 4.R-QB2, R-B7! 5.R-B4, (If P-N8=Q, RxR; 6.Q-QR8, R-KB7; and K-N8-R7 draws) R-B1; 6.R-B8, R-B7; 7.P-N8=Q, R-N7ch; 8.K-B4, RxQ; 9.RxR, KxP; 10.K-Q3, K-B7; 11.R-B8ch, K-K8; Draw.

Weekend Crossword 1286

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1286, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 2 January.



ACROSS

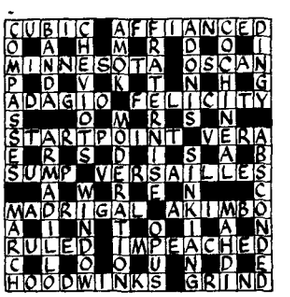
1 Where to plight one's troth with Maud (9)
6 On a flower the dead softly return (5)
9 Not too far from being converted in a shrine (7)
10 Inns get used to provide lodging (7)
11 Looks winningly (9)
12 Prize with decoration taken to heart (5)
13 Conditionally released for part in paper (7)
15 Put her among funny men to make an actress (7)
16 China has this in common with the British Government (7)
19 Stop with us in a place of royal retirement (7)
21 Pull a large number to make the plant refuse (5)
22 Carriers which contain a last word in contrivances (9)
25 The economist provides one item from the index in the city (7)
26 Incentive that is provided without a potential slump (7)
27 Noblemen make precious things lose their heads (5)
28 Wide-awake journals provide traps for pests (9)

DOWN

1 Dog in wedding outfit (5)
2 Take unusual care over the mountain, it may be nuclear (7)
3 Damp as Nigella (5)
4 Introduced those employed on either side of her (7)
5 Tool workman noticed (7)
6 Mail somewhere in Africa after fresh arrival? (9)
7 A finger cover comes in useful to prevent him bleeding (7)
8 Sticklers for rules keep a roll among members (9)
13 Hack prose churned out by a drudge (9)
14 Get the results ashore – they are outstanding (9)
17 A tough guy who has little weight inside him (7)
18 Leave earth to ape (4,3)
19 Cautious about it being kindness (7)
20 A little room in the north-east manufactures an aircraft part (7)
23 Fish which is good in water (5)
24 Gets rid of huts (5)

SETSQUARE

Solution to No 1284



Prizewinners to No 1284

G. Smith (Isleworth)
David Newell (Bangkok)
Lucy Chapman (Chesham)

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This project caters for young people (16-21 years) who have spent long periods in care, remand centres, mental hospitals, ESN boarding schools. Its intention is to teach basic social survival skills, to assist residents with their numerous personal and social problems and to de-institutionalise them. We don't claim we've got all the answers, but we're working hard at it. There is a positive team approach, and these posts require resilience, tolerance, ingenuity and well-tested skills in personal relations and staff support.

Staff do not live in, but must be prepared for shifts and therefore unsocial hours. Residents do live in and therefore are expected to be responsible for participating in the decisions about their place and their future.

The project is run by MIND in conjunction with Greenwich Local Authority. It is being researched by the Tavistock Institute of Human Relations.

Salary: £3,249-£3,834 + £312 Supplement and £285 Outer London Weighting. For further details and application form, contact: **Michael Bradbury, Fairhaven, 111 Mycenae Road, London, SE3.**

COMMONWEALTH SECRETARIAT

(Commonwealth Fund for Technical Co-operation) invites applications for the following assignments in developing Commonwealth countries, under its technical assistance arrangements:

Adviser in Project Appraisal and Implementation, Sri Lanka

A one year assignment with the Development Finance Corporation (DFCC), Colombo. The Adviser will be required to review the methods, procedures, and techniques adopted now in formulation, evaluation and implementation of projects and suggest improvements necessary. He will also be responsible for training the staff of DFCC.

An Economist with post-graduate qualifications and development banking background is required, with wide experience in the theory and practice of project evaluation and implementation.

International Trade Economist/Adviser, The Gambia

A two year assignment with the Ministry of Finance and Trade. The Adviser will assist in setting up a foreign trade section within the Ministry and initiate procedures for a continuing analysis of The Gambia's foreign trade and exchange earnings, maintaining close liaison with other ministries, departments and parastatal bodies concerned with the foreign sector. Particular attention will be paid to identifying new trading opportunities. The Adviser will also be expected to provide training for his counterpart(s) in the field of commercial policy and marketing.

An advanced degree in economics with specialisation in international trade is required, with experience in the trade and payments problems of developing countries and in the formulation of commercial policy. The Adviser will also require a working knowledge of French.

Specialist in Export Marketing of Agricultural Produce, Guyana

A one year assignment, possibly renewable, with the Guyana Marketing Corporation, to advise management and participate in the implementation of a programme to increase Export Market/Sales potential. The expert will assist in establishing a market intelligence unit within the Corporation, and in ensuring that data so collected is incorporated in the Corporation's marketing strategies.

A degree in marketing or a related field, and/or a recognised professional qualification in marketing is required, with five years experience in organising and managing the export of tropical fruits and vegetables, as well as the ability to advise on the use of local materials for simple manufacture of crates for export produce.

Export Promotion Adviser, Ghana

A two year assignment with the Ghana Timber Marketing Board, to advise and assist in the establishment of an export promotion unit within the Board, including advice on the formulation of an export strategy. Training of the Board's staff in marketing, market research, export development and export promotion will be an important aspect of the duties.

Academic education up to university standard, or its equivalent, with a thorough knowledge of the timber industry is required; the ability to train staff will be essential.

Marketing Specialist, India

A one year assignment with the State Trading Corporation of India, New Delhi, to develop a consolidated programme for produce market research; to conduct two or three product market studies, to train STC personnel in market research techniques; and to establish a computerised market information data bank.

Practical and relevant experience required to undertake the duties described above — experience in marketing analysis, organising not only the training of personnel but also the establishment of an information data bank system.

Leather Specialist, India

A one year assignment with the State Trading Corporation of India, New Delhi, to survey the existing leather industry, identifying products with export potential and the international markets where products could be exported and to make suggestions as to the individual market requirements in terms of quality, design, etc., to identify export-worthy units, keeping in view location, quality maintenance, managerial capabilities and technical skills available. Practical and relevant experience and expertise in the leather industry is required, in order to undertake the duties described above. Relevant experience in developing countries desirable.

Adviser on Pewter, Malaysia

A two year assignment with the Malaysian Handicraft Board, at their Centre at Kota Bharu, to suggest and implement new ideas on the existing range of pewterware produced, the training of local craftsmen in the production of these products, and on the maintenance of quality control.

A skilled craftsman with at least two to three years experience in the pewter industry or a closely related field is sought.

Basic salary, inducement allowance and gratuity in each case free of tax in the country of assignment. A housing allowance, installation grant and education allowances are also provided plus allowances for shipment of personal effects.

Application form and further details from:

Commonwealth Secretariat (CFTC) Marlborough House, Pall Mall, London SW1Y 5HX (01-839 3411 — Ext. 82).

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There is a vacancy for an Assistant Research Officer in the Union's newly created Research Unit. The person appointed will be responsible within the Unit for salaries research. He/she will also be expected to develop the Unit's work in providing analyses of various aspects of the financing and administration of education.

Applicants should have qualifications in economics and statistics. Teaching experience is not essential but research experience is desirable and experience in educational administration would be an advantage.

The salary is on a scale of £4,266 - £5,067 inclusive.

For further details and an application form, please write to: **The Senior Official (Admin.), NUT, Hamilton House, Mabledon Place, WC1H 9BD.** Closing date: **2 January 1979.**

THE BRITISH SCHOOL AT ROME

APPOINTMENT OF

ADMINISTRATOR

Applications are invited from British, Commonwealth or Italian subjects for the post of Administrator (in Rome). Vacant Spring 1979. The British School is a post graduate institute for humanities research and the promotion of practising arts. The Administrator will have administrative responsibilities under the Director. Information and application forms, which must be completed and returned by 15 January 1979, are obtainable from: **The Hon. General Secretary, The British School at Rome, 1 Lowther Gardens, Exhibition Road, London SW7 2AA. (Telephone 01-589 3665).**

Secretary P/A

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For 3 months starting mid-Jan. 1979. Centred in London (with some travel to other areas), the work would be in educational establishments collecting statistical information on Paid Educational Leave. Experience in survey/post graduate work desirable. Fee payable: to £80 per week + expenses.

Applications by **5 Jan, 1979 to P.E.L. Project, Chapel House, Middlesex Polytechnic, Enfield, or phone Lea Valley 764608.**

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LECTURESHIP/ASSISTANT LECTURESHIP IN HISTORY

Applications are invited for a post of Lecturer/Assistant Lecturer in *History. Candidates should have* appropriate lecturing and research experience in modern East Asian history. A special interest in the economic history of modern Japan would be an additional advantage. Annual salaries (superannuable) are: Lecturer HK$63,540 x 4,260-72,060 BAR 76,320 x 4,260-106,140; Assistant Lecturer HK$46,260 x 4,320-59,220. (£1 = HK$9.50 approx). Starting salary will depend on qualifications and experience.
Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from the Association of Commonwealth Universities (Appts), 36 Gordon Square, London WC1H OPF, or the Assistant Secretary (Recruitment), University of Hong Kong, Hong Kong.
Closing date for applications is 31 January 1979.

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The Law Service seeks a Community Lawyer to work as part of a team dealing with the range of complex legal issues which arise in such an area. It is envisaged that this would focus on housing and planning issues although the emphasis placed on different aspects of work will be determined to some extent by the skills of the lawyer. It is intended that a supporting management committee will also guide the work of the service.

The Service is also looking for two Housing Rights Workers for the team. They will be specifically responsible for preparing and disseminating housing information for and initiating discussions on issues of immediate concern with the local community with a view towards action. This is a unique and challenging opportunity to develop a vital service for the future of the locality.

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LIBRARIANSHIP

SENIOR LECTURESHIPS (2) and LECTURESHIPS (2) in the new Department of Librarianship which will commence teaching in February 1980 under the direction of Professor-Elect Roderick Cave. Applicants should have an appropriate qualification in librarianship or information science and relevant professional experience for teaching at graduate level.

It is intended to fill the posts so that two are taken up as soon as the appointees are available and the other two at the end of 1979. Applicants should indicate the date on which they could commence duties.

Interested candidates can contact Professor Cave at Loughborough University (0509 63171 Extn 304).

CLOSING DATE: 15 February 1979.

SALARIES: The salary scale for Senior Lecturers is NZ$14,983 to $17,145 p.a., where there is a bar, then $18,380 p.a., and for Lecturers NZ$11,894 to $14,488 p.a., including the general wage order allowance. Fares paid to New Zealand.

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A detailed curriculum vitae should be sent not later than Thursday, 4 January 1979, to:

THE DIRECTOR, YOUTHAID, 57 CHARLTON STREET, LONDON NW1 1HY.

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Poetry

INTERLUDE

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And I'm top of the pops:
Euphoria starts,
Dying stops.

In a pub near Harrods
I scribble verse:
People eat sausages . . .
Things might be worse.

But it soon wears off:
I remember sins.
The clock moves on,
Dying begins.

Do you like this poem? Author seeks financial help in publishing second book, 'Lucid Intervals', with preface by Sir John Betjeman. Friends sought. **John Lovelace-Street, Stillitron Language Centre, 79a Eastbank Street, Southport, Merseyside. Phone (0704) 38925.**

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Details: ASSOCIATION FOR HUMANISTIC PSYCHOLOGY, 66 SOUTHWARK BRIDGE ROAD, LONDON SE1 0AS.

CENTRAL LONDON FABIAN SOCIETY. Beryl Day of the NSPCC on 'Children and Care Proceedings'. 7.30 p.m. Wed. 20 Dec. at 5 Tavistock Place, WC1. All welcome.

'WORK' discussion meeting. London Young Humanists, 13 Prince of Wales Terr., W8. Sun. 17 Dec., 7.30 p.m. 30p.

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PROSPECTS OF UNEMPLOYMENT, Fabian New Year School, 5-7 January, Ruskin Hall, Headington, Oxford. Director John Hughes Speakers: Ray Curnow, Dick Sargent, Brian Sedgemore, Tom Sheriff, Larry Whitty. Details: Gladys Cremer, 11 Dartmouth Street, London SW1. 01-930 3077.

THEOSOPHY. S.a.e. for pamphlets, book list, programme of activities. Public Talk Sun. 17 Dec. 8 p.m. 'The Power of Thought'. ULJ, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2.

RAMAKRISHNA VEDANTA CENTRE, 23 Norfolk Sq., W2. Sun. 17 Dec. Swami Bhavyananda 'Sarada Devi: The Holy Mother' at 5 p.m. All welc. Vedanta mag. 50p.

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Details from JH/GW, Department of Extra-Mural Studies, University of London, 26 Russell Square.

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